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A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Before you decide understand.

Be not prodigal of your time on earth. —*Sir W. Howe.*

A great thought is best dressed in simplest language.—*Rivarol.*

The man of thought strikes deepest, and strikes safely.—*Savage.*

By work of the mind one secures the repose of the heart.—*Jancourt.*

Philosophy, well understood, is an excellent road to heaven.—*Chastel.*

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.—*Mme. de Steal.*

There is no sweeter repose than that which is bought with labor.—*Chamfort.*

Our happiness in this world depends chiefly on the affections we are able to inspire.

To have thought far too little, we shall find in the review of life, among our capital faults.—*J. Foster.*

Be not satisfied with statement of facts alone, but carefully study the relation of thoughts.—*Le Roy C. Cooley.*

The whole human virtue may be reduced to speaking the truth always, and doing good to others.—*Aelian.*

We should treat a keen man as we would a razor, cautiously and tenderly, or we are sure to bleed.—*Simone Assemani.*

I know no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common.—*Steele.*

There are in the world circumstances which give us for masters men of whom we would not make our valets.—*Mme. Roland.*

Great joy, especially after a sudden change and revolution of circumstances, is apt to dwell rather in the heart then on the tongue.—*Fielding.*

The discovery of truth by slow, progressive meditation is talent. Intuition of the truth, not perceded by perceptible meditation is genius.—*Lavater.*

Before wondering at the degradation of a soul, one should know what blows it has received, and what it has suffered from its own grandeur.—*Mme. Louise Colet.*

There may be as much courage displayed in enduring with resignation the sufferings of the soul, as in remaining firm under the showers of shot from a battery. —*Napoleon I.*

Every woman carries in the depths of her soul a mysterious weapon, *instinct*—that virgin instinct, incorruptible, which requires her neither to learn, to reason, nor to know, which binds the strong will of man, dominates his sovereign reason, and pales our little scientific tapers.

Our joys travel by express, our pains by parliamentary. Through the loveliest scenes the joy-train of out lives rushes swiftly. At the pretty wayside stations, we are able but to touch hands with cherished friends and behold! we are off again; but if we have grief for our engine-driver, care for the stroker, how we creep along the lines.—*Mrs. Trafford.*

THE MISSION OF EARTHQUAKES—FROM A SPIRITUAL STANDPOINT.

By the Guides of W. J. Colville, Delivered at Assembly Hall, Sept. 12, 1886.

[Reported for the Golden Gate by G. H. Hawes.]

The subject of earthquakes has recently attracted so much attention, owing to the great and terrible disaster, as it may be called, from an earthly point of view, which has convulsed the entire city of Charleston, South Carolina, and almost paralyzed with fear nearly the whole southern country of these United States, the news has also rapidly crossed (as direful news always travels with amazing celerity) the Atlantic and Pacific waters, making known to Asia and Europe ere this, the terrible trial that some portions of this country have been called to undergo; we have therefore felt that in the midst of all the theorizing and predicting connected with and naturally following closely upon this wonderful and terrible event, it would be well for us to take up this morning the question of earthquakes from a spiritual standpoint.

What is the mission of the earthquake? Does the earthquake do any good? Can we trace the hand of Divine Providence, of Almighty Goodness, in these awful convulsions that rend the earth and convert terra firma into sliding and dangerous quicksand? Can we with all our boasted learning, with all our marvelous scientific achievements which are so singularly characteristic of these closing decades of the nineteenth century, behold the hand of Infinite Goodness in what man considers catastrophic and terrible in the extreme.

We find, when tracing the mysterious sources of religion in the past, that there have been two fountains or springs, whence religious ideas have sprung; the one is away up in the higher heavens far beyond the clouds of earthly sense, and also deep within the divinest understanding and most abiding principle of man's spiritual being. The pure and glorious religion which has proceeded from so divine and eternal a source has been popularly called revealed religion.

Many apologists for revealed religion have declared that man could know nothing of God unless God had revealed Himself to mankind in a spiritual manner. This we believe; but believe that a spiritual revelation of God to man is a revelation to the human mind of every individual. God is revealed to man's spiritual consciousness by means of the moral sense, the divine indwelling ego which Orientals have called the *atma*.

Revealed religion, then, is a religion that springs from the fact of there being upon the earth, in ancient times and in distant countries, also in modern days, in modern lands a few men and women,—very few in comparison to the size of the population,—whose spiritual natures are so far unfolded that they can lay hold upon divine truth which others can neither perceive nor understand. Such men and women divinely endowed and wonderfully unfolded in spiritual directions are the means of evolving all systems of religion which contain genuine spiritual truth. That glorious solar worship, which, disconnected from all idolatry, was the most ancient religion of Persia, Hindoostan, Egypt, and of the buried Atlantis, was a genuine specimen of revealed religion. When the Spaniards visited Peru they found there a pure solar worship, rigidly monotheistic in its form, existing among the natives. When we study the North American Indians, no matter how wild and savage some of them may be,—though almost untutored barbarians—they all have a noble idea of the one great universal Spirit, and they bow only to that divine and omnipresent intelligence whom they call the Great Spirit.

The cats, dogs and birds, which were worshiped in ancient Egypt by the barbarians of that clime, the oxen that were slaughtered by the Mosaic law, because they were the symbols of the Egyptian idolatry towards which the Israelites were constantly showing their readiness to drift, were by no means the outcome of the religion of those mighty minds who built the great pyramid of Gizeh, and thereby memorialized in stone for all succeeding generations their idea of the perfect unity of the universal Spirit, the unspeakable majesty of the Eternal Mind who can be revealed to man's mental understanding only through the undeviating principles of mathematics and geometry. It is a most significant fact that in all the land of Egypt the obelisks, monuments and lesser pyramids are covered with grotesque inscriptions, with all forms of weird hieroglyphics, while the great pyramid stands unique without an idol graven on it. The Grecians, who at one time were closely associated with the Egyptians, and copied the ceremonies and rites of the Egyptians whom they conquered, they in turn becoming lords and rulers of the land of the Nile, all acknowledged a multiplicity of deities, being Polytheistic almost to the utmost extreme of possibility. They had a god for each and every form in nature; for the seasons they had gods, for all the months, weeks and days they had gods; also for all their implements of agriculture and for all the forms of food of which they partook. But this Polytheistic religion which culminated in the Grecian and Roman mythologies, and which has never thoroughly died out in the Christian world, but has been rather perpetuated in the adoration of innumerable saints in the Christian calender, sprung not from that glorious revelation which came down from heaven or welled up from the innermost depths of man's spiritual being; came not from the voice of the divine soul, the ever living atma, the divine ego which is in the image and likeness of the eternal, a reflection of the infinite mind, but from man's crude and partial observation of external nature where, in disjointed fragments he beheld imperfectly the outworking of the divine plan, and failing to reconcile all the movements of nature with infinite intelligence and beneficence, imagined the elements were all peopled with spirits who were continually fighting one against the other, imagined the entire universe was a scene of direful conflict between gods and goddesses who were perpetually engaged in battle. Thus the Grecians represented their god Zeus, and the Romans their Jupiter or Jove, as mighty in battles, tremendous in power to slay, but deficient in every truly deific sentiment. They depicted in all their poems and mythological treatises a conflict of deities wherever they beheld a conflict of elements.

We find in the Jewish and Christian Scriptures a great deal of error similar to that which has characterized all the nations of the world who have not come to a positive agreement as to the unity of the Divine Being, and His infinite beneficence. We find the Bible representing very fully these two aspects of religion, the spiritual and the carnal, though every once in a while brilliant flashes of light come to us from the highest heavens, and dart out from the innermost recesses of the soul divine in man; here and there the highest ideas of the universe confront us that man or angels can well entertain; the Bible presents to us vivid contrasts and shows us where the imperfection of human reflection resulted often in the acknowledgment of a multiplicity of deities, or, at least, in the affirmation that the one God was capricious at one time, manifesting attributes utterly at variance with those he manifested at another.

If any ask, Can you reconcile all the varied ideas of God to be found in the Bible with the admission that there is an infinitely supreme intelligence who is altogether good and wise? We answer only in the following way: We can reconcile the fact of there having been any number of ideas of God with the fact of there having been any number of stages of human advancement morally and mentally.

Ideas of God, of the universe, of nature, of law, all grow up naturally and each one paves the way for its successor as do the various types of vegetation and animal forms on earth. We can not now look back upon the great periods that have gone and recount the story of the ancient rocks, the mammoth animals, and gigantic reptiles of old, without beholding from the point of view of modern science, something of their usefulness and beauty, not as types everlastingly fitted to survive, but as preparations for a perfect state; so in the realm of mind, in the evolution of ideas and morals we can readily understand how every step that has been taken by humanity nearer and ever nearer to the ultimate goal, has been a natural expression of the best thought the mind of the period could entertain and express.

We find only what is very natural, indeed, and therefore easy to account for both among savages and enlightened people; it is easy enough for all to perceive the hand of divine beneficence working in whatever is beautiful and fair in the universe. All can readily understand why the beautiful midsummer constellation Virgo was regarded by the ancients as a sign and symbol of heavenly powers breathing down peace and prosperity upon the earth; we can also readily understand why Scorpio, the autumnal sign, the sign for the month of October, which heralds the winter, was regarded as man's adversary; we can readily understand why, upon the twenty-fifth day of December, every year, the people would gather together with great joy and acclamation, and praise the light of day for bursting forth again from darkness to give them a greater birthday and a new year. This was of course, regarded as a new evidence of God's power in the universe. We can readily understand why there should be (the power of goodness) another festival of rejoicing in the springtime, when all the cold and dreariness of winter was over and the earth was rejuvenated and rehabilitated in increasing glory, preparing for the yet lovelier and richer wonders of the summer; and we can readily understand why, in the beautiful season of autumn, when the grain had ripened and the fruit was hanging luscious upon the boughs of the bending trees, songs of praise should again arise, and that the gods of harvests and fruitful seasons should receive adoration and thanksgiving at the hands of men.

But we can not see why, unless some light breaking in from the spheres of immortality, unless there is some revelation made to human understanding concerning the goodness involved in trial and suffering, concerning the blessings that spring forth from adversity, man should attribute earthquake and storm, and fire and flood, to the action of any other than an evil potency. We believe that every child naturally, unless guided by some unusual instinct, attributes the summer to God and the winter to the devil almost instinctively. We believe almost every human being, unless enlightened by knowledge beyond sensuous discovery, believes that when everything goes well God is blessing him and smiling down upon him, and that he is in the hands of an adversary when affairs go wrong with him. But what men call right is often the most grievous wrong of all, and what they call most grievous wrong is often the most glorious right; what they call good is often evil and what they term evil is often highest good, for it is human short-sightedness and that alone which prevents us from distinctly perceiving the hand of infinite intelligence, love and wisdom in what we most dislike and would fain stave off.

We do not believe that in the infinite plan any provision is made for evil; therefore we do not believe there is any absolute evil. We do not believe when you have quitted the earth and have risen far above its shadows, that when you have passed far above and beyond those lower states which border upon the earthly, and look back over all the way you have traveled from spiritual infancy to spiritual maturity, you will be able to find one iota of unmitigated evil in your entire experience.

When we read in the book of Job the inquiry, "Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and shall we not also receive evil?" When we read in another scripture, "Is there evil in the city, and the Lord has not done it?" What meaning can we attach to this old word evil when applied to a portion of the work of God? Is it not simply a word employed by man to designate the darker experience of life? You say when you gaze on a splendid picture, there is light and brilliancy in this picture which the great artist has painted; but there is also shadow; it has a dark background as well as a glowing foreground. Has not the true artist painted the shadow as well as the light? Did he not paint the dark background as well as the luminous foreground? You may admire the foreground and see no beauty in the background; you may admire the charming figures which are to the front, but see nothing admirable in that shadow behind; buth as not the same great artist who painted the most graceful portion of the picture, painted the other side also, which you may have called hideous? In life's picture sadness, gloom and humiliation, the trials and troubles, the disasters and catastrophes, you often call evil are not really evil at all; all are good, and as God means the infinitely good, "shall we receive good at the hands of God and not also receive evil?" means that if we are to attribute what we call good, what we like and enjoy, to the hand of the Eternal, should we not as logically and as gratefully attribute that which we do not understand to the same beneficent power? If there is an earthquake, then God is in that earthquake as much as he is in the brightness and glory of the summer's sunshine. If you are asked what possible good there can be in an earthquake, what possible blessing is conferred by these dire convulsions of nature, what possible benefit can come to us out of all the calamitous experiences in our career? we answer, that the only reason why the world is not prepared to call everything good, is because the world does not understand sufficiently much of the divine operation. Just as a child is always ready to thank its mother for candy, but not ready to thank her for a bitter medicine that may be the very thing he needs when in a condition of sickness which candy would intensify; a child is always ready to thank the donor of a pretty toy, but is not so ready to be thankful for a difficult lesson book; as a child loves to gambol in the fields, and is always thankful for a holiday, but not always thankful for being sent into the school-room to study; but when the years roll on and the child can reason better than he could in the days of his earlier experiences, he acknowledges that the very usefulness of his life, the very success of his career, was not altogether traceable to those holidays in which he played games all day, but far more to those hours of study when he was compelled to labor to learn; so when we have older and wiser grown in experience, we shall all account life's bitterest trials its greatest benefactions.

If there were no existence beyond the grave, if man had no future, if trial and tribulation played no part in educating the human spirit, if all the discipline of earthly life was a hap-hazard experience, if there were accidents and chances in nature—which there are not,—if everything did not form a part of a divine and universal plan of goodness, then we might well say it is a Devil and not God who allows the earthquake to swallow up Charleston or Lisbon, or any other place which has been well nigh destroyed.

When we can look deeper than we can on earth into this subject we shall see that every experience which comes to us in earthly life, comes in obedience to what men are now prepared to call an immutable law of nature, but which is in reality a law of divine goodness. You are told by scientists there are no accidents, nothing occurs by chance, there are no effects without causes adequate to produce them, nothing can occur out of the regular order of nature, everything takes place in obedience to immutable law that never deviates for the sake of sparing or chastising any one, and this in a sense is true.

But when we acknowlege the omnipresence of Deity, the indwelling of the infinite mind in all the universe, we coincide with this position of modern science that everything is amenable to immutable law; but as law means nothing more than order or command, we endow divine law with infinitely higher attribute than the attributes with which the materialist endows it. We declare that divine law, the law of nature, is the continual expression of an ever-working mind. In your human bodies there is no movement of the flesh either voluntary or involuntary that is not due to the presence of spirit,—for immediately the spirit quits the mortal frame and the bond is severed that binds it to the organism, all motions both voluntary and involuntary are suspended. Though your blood circulates and your pulses throb and your heart beats in obedience to natural law, that natural law is a law of spirit, of mind, of intelligence, not a law of inert dead matter, for when the mortal body perishes and the spirit has gone forth to another realm of being, not only are the voluntary activities of the body suspended, but there is not another throb of the pulse or beating of the heart, no further circulation of the blood, no further convolution of the brain; every movement ceasing with the withdrawal of the life principle which is intelligence; when intelligence has severed its connection from the form, there is no longer a natural law that keeps up circulation or any other activity. Man is the microcosm, the universe, the macrocosm. Studying man we

(Continued on Third Page.)

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Pebbles.

BY ISAAC KINLEY.

All would be happy. You would, my reader and I. And should we learn to look candidly for the reason that we are not so, might we not find at our own doors the causes that curse?

Look back on your past life and tell me on the honor of a soul, of what actions you are the happiest in the recollection? Are they the bad or the good—the mean or the noble and just? Are they the wrongs against others, or the generous acts of self-denial by which you have done good to them?

Does that splendid mansion, erected with money not rightly his own, give unmixed peace of mind to him, who, according to the law, holds the title deeds? Would he not have been happier in a cottage in the title to which a court of conscience could have found no flaw? The seducer of innocence and virtue—does the thought of his victims fill him with unalloyed delight? Is he happy, the man who vends the waters of death to the staggering inebriate? Do the sufferings of the women and children—the ignorance, wretchedness, and crime, which his vocation produces, lift him into the beatitudes?

But it is not so much the act, as the moral condition that inspires it—not so much what is done, as the moral state that causes the doing, which, according as the deed, good or bad, blesses or curses. He who would, but could not, do a noble act, is greater than he who could, but would not.

Nevertheless action reacts; and the deed done emphasizes and fixes the moral status of the mind that seeks to do. The murderer at heart, who has never committed the overt act of murder, becomes the more a murderer for having done so.

There goes a man of millions, for not one dollar of which he has done an honest hour's work or given an honest equivalent. Many have had reasons to curse, but none to bless him. Grant that his conscience has become callous against every noble impression; grant that he has become so debased and dead to the sense of honor and duty as never to be jagged by the thorns of remorse. He may indeed have sunk so low as to take a fiendish pleasure in his evil deeds. He may chuckle over the foreclosed mortgage and the financial over-reachings that have put money into his pocket. He may even have pangs of regret for having failed in his schemes of swindling and plunder. And yet his deeds do curse him. They have dragged him to that lower level which is the negation of happiness. His life has become the debauch of avarice; and in the delirum tremens of his greed the devils torment him, and snakes are hissing in his face. He may know not why, or how, only that his life is accursed.

There walks another man whose daily toil is the price of his daily bread. He has many wants which his poverty will not allow to be gratified. He would, but can not, surround his family with the comforts of abundance. He would, but can not, have books, papers, magazines, and pictures. He would, but can not, secure for his sons and daughters the best educational opportunities. Poverty interposes. But he goes heroically to his daily toil and is doing the best he can. He has a clear conscience. He goes to bed at night with no memory of wrongs committed to haunt his dreams. His is the sleep of rest and peace. Morally he stands on a plane immensely above that of the fellow away down there whose house is a palace, and whose money is counted by millions.

Men love not misery, but too often they love the groveling greed and sensuality through which misery comes. They would enjoy the sin, vainly hoping to escape results.

Every act, every thought, every emotion even, according as it is good or bad, noble or vile, brings happiness or misery in its train.

A word with you, my reader. Neither you nor I have lived as honestly, as purely, as nobly as we should have done. You and I are to-day the sufferers for the errors, the follies—perhaps the crimes—of our past lives. And you and I are, for this reason, dwarfed in our whole nature—dwarfed mentally, morally, physically. Our spirits, when they shuffle off these coils of clay, will not be so strong, bright, and beautiful as they might have been, and we must start from a lower plane in our growths upward through the eternities.

Our errors may not have been known to the world, and possibly only barely suspected by ourselves. Our follies the world may have called wisdom. Our crimes may have been no transgression of the law of the land. A perverted public sentiment may have esteemed them honorable, and at their recital the multitude may have shouted, "Bravo!"

For this applause we may have felt the pleasant titillation of flattery. But the approval of corruption is bitter ironry, and its applauses only condemnation.

Would we grow? Would we make amends for all the dwarfings of the past? Then must we stand heroically up and put beneath our feet even the thought of evil. Greed, lust, appetite—the trinity of carnal devils—which, through all the ages, have dragged mankind down and absorbed the substance of the soul—these must be subordinated, and from the position of masters take the places of obedient servants.

Nemesis is an omnipotent god; and if in our heart of hearts we are conscious of an intentional wrong, it is sufficient to rise up and curse us.

Take my hand, my reader, and let us, this day, pledge to one another, and to our God, that henceforth, by the purity of our motives, the moral heroism of our acts, and the nobleness of our lives, no act of ours yet to be done, shall rise up to curse us.

Faith in Things Seen.

[Hartford (Ct.) Times.]

One marked characteristic of the Rev. Dr. Stowe was his strong faith in the life hereafter. It was in his case something more than faith; it was knowledge. And it was knowledge derived from actual personal experience. He was aware of the reality of the Spirit-world, and of its nearness to the earth-life, through his own experience. His Christian faith derived a vital and important support from what he personally saw and knew. To him, the veil was often withdrawn, and he was permitted to see and hold communion with those who had "gone before." It is not the prerogative, even of the all-intruding modern journalist, against whose busy pen so few provinces of individual private life are permitted to maintain a proper and invulnerable privacy, to invade the domain of the private life of such a man as Professor Stowe, whose experiences in his intercourse with the other world he had a right to hold sacred. To indiscriminate companies he never talked of these things, and those of his friends to whom he ever mentioned the subject were few indeed; but it is known that he was entirely satisfied that he often saw, and conversed with, in the privacy and quiet of his own home, those who were no longer the occupants of earthly bodies, and that this gift of spiritual clairvoyance and clairaudience was potent to take away much of the sense of bereavement, and to fix his thought, like Paul's, habitually on the higher realities. An article in the Hartford *Courant*, evidently inspired from a source where the facts of the case were known, correctly says of Dr. Stowe that his interest was great at all times "to know what was on the other side." He was radically convinced of the nearness of the other life, for his own almost daily experience for thirty years had revealed to him the possibility, and not only the possibility but the fact, that the so-called "dead" can and do return, and are often (though unseen by most) in very truth close by us; and that the love between parent and child, and husband and wife, is not destroyed, or even obstructed, by the natural process called death, which, Dr. Stowe felt, is but the silent opening of a door that takes the freed ones into another, more refined, and better stage of being. His spiritual visitors were so real that he sometimes was for a moment at fault in judging whether they were such, or were still, like himself, in the earthly body. No wonder the writer we have referred to says:

"Death to him had no terrors. Indeed he had for a long time been eager to go, and if he exhibited impatience about anything, it was his detention here in this cumbrous body. His Christian faith was that of a child, absolute and unqualified. His deep acquaintance with German speculation had not in the least affected his simple trust. In fact when he was most ill, and the end seemed at hand, his cheerfulness always rose, and it was apt to sink a little with returning strength. He was more than ready to go. But last June, when Mr. Gladstone made his experiment, he became so profoundly interested, that he said to the writer one day, 'I should like to stay here a few weeks longer and see how Gladstone comes out.'"

To such persons indeed "Death has no terrors." The only danger in their case is that they may be led to dwell too much upon "the other side," and become too much drawn by the magnetism of the higher life, and the realities of the other world, and thus lose their interest in and desire for the continuance of the life here, with its ties and its duties. It was Mrs. Stowe herself who wrote,—of "The Other World"—

It lies around us like a cloud,
The world we do not see;
Yet the sweet closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

* * * * *

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between,
With breathings almost heard.

* * * * *

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be.

This clear faith, which is more than faith, no doubt largely helped to make the effect which the newspaper article already quoted speaks of when it further says, "The Doctor was an optimist."

The Right End.

[Christian Register.]

Most of the endeavor of the world is wasted, because it begins wrong end first. The ancient system of pedagogics is giving place to the new, because we begin to see that we have been wasting the time of our children by attempting to teach them in lessons, learned by rote at school, that which was learned by their elders through much reflection after school lessons were over. Our grammars, for example, still contain matter which no child can understand and few men have any use for. We begin to teach at the wrong end, and so waste our time. This by way of illustration merely. The same process we may note in many of the methods of the churches of all kinds. One begins at the wrong end, when he addresses children and youth, for example, with intent to excite in them emotions which are the natural result of long living and much suffering. The heart of youth is joyous, its estimate of life necessarily superficial. It seeks the holiday aspect; and the grave, sober, and settled convictions of middle life are unnatural. One mistakes who attempts to set in order all the thoughts of a multitude of miscellaneous thinkers and arrange them into a system. The last thing which is of value to the majority is the belief that they have systematized their thinking and are ready now to defend their systems at all hazards. Our thinking, like our lives, is fragmentary. We see in part, we know in part. It is impossible that we should any of us see all around any subject of thought, and be able to state in unchangeable phrase our relation to it. But we commly begin with the attempt to systematize, the wrong end. Hence, endless confusion, the loss of time, the waste of energy, and the needless discouragement of the workers.

The wrong end of work is the hardest, and, therefore, seems more valuable to those who imagine that by straining their muscles until their hearts pump all their blood into their faces, and their laboring lungs report the heavy draft upon their powers, they are accomplishing something of a value to be estimated according to the exertion it costs. Many, therefore, like the wrong end of the work best. But the best work is always the unforced, the natural, joyous, easy expression of the life and thought flowing out into action. They who take work at the right end work so easily and noiselessly that both to themselves and to others they seem to be doing nothing, until at last results show the quality of the effort.

For us Unitarians, the right end of our work is to be found when we do the things which fit our powers, tastes, and training. Whenever we undertake that which requires of us great exertion, we accomplish little. Whenever we let our nature have way, we do most. All the best work of the last seventy-five years has been done by those who followed their bent, whether it was to sing songs of faith and hope, like "Nearer, My God, to Thee," or to go on errands of mercy among the unfortunate and the enslaved with May and Tuckerman, or to mitigate the horrors of war in the Sanitary Commission, or to preach the gospel of patriotism with Starr King, or lift up the spotless standard of the spiritual life with Martineau. Our natural work and our best has been our easiest. Not to do it was hard. The doing of it was pleasant for those who put their lives into it, although sometimes it led into trial and trouble. But the trial and trouble were not in the work. That was easy, because it was the natural expression of noble thought and purpose.

And now have we plain indications as to our work and opportunity? Never were the omens more clear and more propitious. Society is profoundly moved, the world over, with the ferment of new ideas; with the hope of better things; with the longing for a change in social institutions, which will make more of the man and less of his work. "The Labor Question"; "The Temperance Question"; the demand for social purity; the reform of the civil service; arbitration between individuals and nations; theological revisions; the demand of woman for legal power to give effect to her moral influences; the new ethics; the new theology; the new impulse to missionary work, with humanitarian motives (we need not make a catalogue); in short, the new, eager, hopeful outlook of humanity, striving for better things and in the striving overturning the established and the old,—all these give to Unitarianism its natural field for work. Its great humanitarian impulse finds now its opportunity long waited for. The right end of our work is to be found in every social problem which, for its solution, needs the application of a moral principle; in every human hope which, for its satisfaction, needs the proclamation of the Infinite Beneficence; in every human need which, for its supply, demands a gift of human symp thy.

The easy end of our work is presented in the programme offered at Saratoga; not a topic is superfluous, not one which does not indicate an opportunity, not for talk alone, not for discussion, however learned and able and earnest, but for work, for work to be carried into measures; to be taken home, thought over, planned for, and accomplished. If we will, the greatest opportunity a church ever had may now be ours. Alas for us, if we fritter away our time, waste our opportunity, and, straining at the wrong end of our task, leave the joy of the real doing to those who are better prepared than we! The crisis of our choice will be at the hour when we choose to go or not to go straight to our easy, natural, unforced work in the application of the principles of our religion to the common needs of common men in the common relations of society. That is the Christ-like method, and it will be the successful one.

The Charm of Spiritualism.

[Light.]

It is difficulty for those who openly or covertly oppose Spiritualism, to conceal their impatience and chagrin at the rapid and universal diffusion of belief in the new philosophy, perceptible in all intelligent communities throughout the civilized world. They see that the frauds and impostures practiced in the name of Spiritualism, and at times exposed or silenced, are no bar to its progress. They dare not challenge public debate or contest with it, because they are conscious of great uncertainty as to the issue, and they could not afford to be discomfited. They are not at all indifferent to its spread and growth. On the contrary, they are watching it intently and measuring its strides with much alarm and ill-nature.

These people are to be found chiefly in the religious sects as teachers and leaders, and also in those intrenched conservative circles of every community who are content with rut routine, and who hate change and disturbance in any of their social fixtures. And so it has come to pass that Spiritualism is quietly forging ahead, happy in the enjoyment of the "let alone" policy. It is considered the wisest course to let Spiritualism severely alone, particularly so as it is embracing the most respectable and intelligent. The acquisition and unquestionable intellect and character in the ranks of spiritualistic believers, is an effective damper to opposition.

In view of the foregoing, the pertinent inquiry comes almost unsolicited, What is the cause of this remarkable growth of Spiritualism? How does it happen that spiritualistic doctrines are enjoying such prosperous and increased adoption? If our active and semi-active opponents could only bring themselves to the task of a candid and impartial examination of these questions, we affirm that satisfactory answers would be forthcoming. They would doubtless find many explanations. But chief among them would be the charm of Spiritualism. We use the word "charm," because the reasonableness of the claims of Spiritualism act like a charm on the intelligent understanding that accepts them.

Just as soon as a thorough investigation of the phenomena has been made they are accepted as the most realistic of all evidence offered at the bar of the individual judgment. And acceptance of the phenomena is followed closely by a full belief in the logical teachings deduced therefrom. There is nothing preposterous or enigmatical in the doctrines of Spiritualism. They appear to the mind thus prepared the most natural and reasonable doctrines in the world for man to believe. And so they truly are. Their reasonableness then is their charm, because they are thoroughly consistent with the phenomenal facts. Facts are, or ought to be, the foundation of every temple of truth, and conspicuously so of the majestic, heaven-domed temple which, for want of a better name, is called Spiritualism.

So rational and so harmonious with the needs and hopes of human nature is Spiritualism that if the highest combined wisdom and intellectuality of the race should be called upon to devise a destiny commensurate with the present and future of man, it seems as if the inevitable result of such a task would be the unanimous adoption of the essential truths of Spiritualism. The charm and reasonableness of spiritualistic philosophy, we repeat, is that it is natural. Indeed, Spiritualism is nothing more or less than a continuation of human nature, from the visible and tangible order to the enlarged, refined, and spiritualized order of a higher life.

We learn with painful interest, but on good authority, that the aged Mary Howitt has entered the Roman Catholic Church. It will be remembered that one or two of her daughters took the same step some few years back. It may not be generally known that when Mr. and Mrs. Howitt were resident in Clapton in the earleir years of their literary career, living at the house known as "The Elms," they attended very regularly the ministrations of the late Rev. Robert Aspland, the able minister of the Unitarian congregation at Hackney. It is sad to be reminded in this connection that two daughters of the late distinguished scientist, Mrs. Mary Somerville, also became Roman Catholic. That such a step should be taken by any of the Howitt family is all the more remarkable when we remember that William Howitt's "History of Priestcraft," constituted one of the most vigorous denunciations of the mischiefs and oppressions for which sacerdotalism is responsible that has ever been written.—*Christain Life.*

"Brooklyn is a city of protracted pastorship," as the *Eagle* remind us. Dr. Storrs will soon celebrate his fortieth anniversary. Mr. Beecher's term is nearly as long. That of Dr. Haskins, of the Eastern District, if recollection serves, is even longer. The Rev. Sylvester Malone completed his two score and two on Sunday.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Re-Incarnation.

Re-incarnation of angelic, disembodied, intelligent spirits, is an old antique theory, taught by ancient sages, and priests; also by several modern scientific persons. The theory of re-incarnation of pre-existing, angelic beings is embodied in ancient divine teachings, and modern Christian theology. Krishna, one of the world's ancient saviors, born 3,333 years B. C., was adored by the ancient Hindoos as the eighth incarnation of the disembodied spirit of the deified Vishna; also many other ancient eminent persons were considered to be re-incarnations of pre-existing, intelligent spirits from inter-planetary space; also the deified spirit of the crucified Savior of the Christian Era is supposed to have had pre-existence, prior to his re-incarnation in his infantile body, as the sacred babe, of Bethlehem, and the natural moral teacher of Judea, who said unto Nicodemus: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again he can not see the kingdom of God. Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again." John iii, 3-7. He also taught his disciples that the departed spirit of the prophet Elijah, *i. e.*, Elias, was re-incarnated in the person of John the Baptist. Matthew xi, 14; and in xvii, 12, he also says, "My Father loves me, because I lay down my life that I might take it again;" he also says, "I have power to lay down my life, and I have power to take it again." John x, 17-18. Therefore, from these biblical and historical quotations it may be reasonably inferred that the theory of the re-incarnation of pre-existing, intelligent spirits is not a new principle of spiritual science, whose effulgent light illuminates the endarkened minds of humanity. The theory of re-incarnation is old; as ancient as the dawning civilization of the human race, and was taught by ancient priests and adopted by modern reformers; also taught and confirmed by ancient, intelligent spirits, from inter-planetary space. Their testimony is the only evidence we can obtain of credibility of the theory of the re-incarnation of pre-existing spirits. Therefore the principle, or dogma, should be received with a reasonable consideration as a theory, taught by a class of departed, truthful spirits, who claim to have been re-incarnated in a physical body several times, on this world and other planets.

Wm. F. Evarts, P. M.

Prattham, N. Y.

Misunderstood Sensitives.

Editor of Golden Gate:

I paid a visit not long since to one of our State insane asylums, since which time I have had a continual inward prompting to tell the readers of the Golden Gate what I saw and felt while there, as well as the thoughts which that visit brought to mind, thoughts which urge me on with renewed force to do the little which is in my power for the tortured, suffering mediums I found there.

The buildings constituting the asylum are beautiful, well-kept structures, in the midst of a wealth of flowering shrubs and plants, fruit-trees, vines and vegetable beds. Thrift and cleanliness greet the eye on every hand. The insides of the many different building are marvelously neat and orderly. Polite and pleasing attendants are ever ready to make the calls of visitors pleasant, all of which bespeaks great credit to the managers of the institution. A casual observer would think an insane person in good luck to have so pleasant a home. Of this we have nothing to say; it is of the sane we would speak, *aye plead for.*

My friends, within those walls are confined and treated, as unruly insane, dozens of sensitive mediums who have been developed, or rather partially developed, within the families of those who are strangers to our divine philosophy, and who know nothing of the effort some loved friend is making to be recognized through the mediumistic power of some member of the family, and whose strange talk of "angels" and "voices" came to the sensitive to be considered insane, and, lest they become suddenly violent, they are packed off to a madhouse and there locked up with others equally unfortunate, and who are forced to listen continually to laughs, cries, and groans that would in a short time unsettle the reason of one perfectly sane.

Talk of schools for the training of mediums, or societies for the promulgation of the philosophy of Spiritualism, they sink into mere nothings as compared to the greater and more urgent need of a private home, where these poor, storm-tossed souls may find the quiet they need to become what they are intended to be, the finely tuned instruments for the use of the spirit world.

Add to it, if you like, a home for aged and infirm mediums, and what more glorious work would there be going on upon this small planet of ours than this. Surely the spirit world would "rejoice with exceeding great joy." Spiritualism of to-day demands a home of this kind. It could very easily be made self-supporting, or nearly so, after a time. Who will listen to the inner promptings and set "the ball rolling," that no precious time be wasted?

Yours in behalf of undeveloped mediums, Jennie Mason.

Oakland, Cal.

(Continued from First Page.)

discover the law which governs all nature, for what man's spirit is to his bodily organism, that God's spirit is to the vast organism of the universe. As all the brain and body of man, every fiber and tissue of the system is created and perpetuated by spirit; as not a single movement of the body is possible unless mind is connected with it, so throughout the boundless realms of spirit, which no one can fully navigate or thoroughly explore, the spirit of the Eternal moves and pulses, the motion of every atom being due to the action of infinite intelligence.

Indeed we can accept from a physical point of view the immutability of nature's laws; but we can also accept the theory of mind in nature, which is now being published to the world by the best psychologists and physicists of the period. Indeed we can accept the evolutionary hypothesis which commences down in the humblest cells to trace the glorious purpose that begins to unfold with a primordial cell and ends with the mind of a Confucius or Socrates; but we must look behind, beyond and above external phenomena to find the divine intelligence which causes atoms to move as they do, which causes differentiation in species, which causes man to advance from the illiterate bushmen to the sage or philosopher, and when we find wonderful purpose and infinite design in all the universe, such as Plato found, we can surely exclaim with the great Athenian sage, "God geometrizes," without denying a single fact which physical science can reveal.

Instead of believing we are creatures of a blind, relentless force, instead of looking to some unknowable power that can crush us all as beneath the wheels of a mighty juggernaut, sweeping away the young, the lovely, the virtuous and the fair, mercilessly and unconsciously, we find in all the operations of what is termed nature's laws, the manifestation of a divine indwelling spirit, and it is just at this point we all realize instinctively that a true spiritual philosophy that lays hold directly upon the great truth of immortal being, is the only one that can satisfy the intellect, appeal to the reason and satisfy the soul as well. A short while ago we were conversing with a very learned man who has been a student of the natural sciences for many years. He had been reading the works of many and many a great author, Darwin and Spinoza among the number, and when we said to him, "having read so much speculative literature, how do you regard the postulates of pure theism? What do you think of a lofty and refined Spiritualism?" He replied, "I found God whilst I was reading Darwin's works upon 'The Origin of Man and the Development of Species.' I found God while I was reading Emanuel Kant, and also when I was studying the theories of Spencer, Tyndall and Huxley, though I had no reason to suppose that either of the latter gentlemen are other than agnostics, and Tyndall certainly appears to have a somewhat atheistical tendency." He said that very revelation of the immutability of nature's law, that precise exactitude with which every event of the universe transpired according to their reasonings, brought him to a point where he was compelled to harmonize with Plato, who said it was nothing short of an infinite mind possessed of infinite goodness that could do all this, as far as he could imagine. Many others have echoed his words and arrived at a similar conclusion. He further said, "I can praise the object, the purpose, the design in nature, for I find it to be wholly beneficent; and while I am not yet prepared to say I am a Spiritualist, for I have had no satisfactory evidence of communion with the spirit world, perhaps I have not eagerly sought for it, as I have been so engrossed in scientific study of other kinds—all I can say is that if the spiritualistic theory of a future life, dismantled of all crudities and misconceptions, is not true, I cannot understand its being untrue in the light of what I know of the universe."

The idea that there is a life in which everything is explained and set right, that the real life of man is in spirit and not in matter, that death only robs him of his most external covering, only tears from us our robes, but does not touch our real individuality, is a theory that appeals to common sense, intelligence and reason, and to the deepest sentiments of a spiritually enlightened people, and needs not to be specially revealed to such either by external spiritual communications or by argument; it is an axiomatic truth to those who study the necessities of the situation, that there is in the universe not only an infinite superintending mind, but also an infinite compensatory justice.

Now if our real life is in spirit, those poor creatures whom some say were *destroyed* by the earthquake were from the standpoint of angelic life very much in the condition of people whose muslin dresses have caught fire, but the flames have been extinguished by kind friends before the fire touched their flesh. As soon as these dresses have been torn from them by kind friends they begin talking over and almost laughing at the catastrophe that seemed so near destroying them; and had it not been for the fire and for the danger the sufferers were in they would never have known or met the kind and benevolent persons who became lifelong friends from the moment of the catastrophe. If they had never been in a condition to need assistance, if they had never been in danger, all the milk of human kindness which was poured out so freely would have never been offered to them; they would have had no need of it, and, therefore, would never have called forth all that loving ministration which unfolded the spiritual nature of those who ministered and brought so much gladness to the hearts of those who received it. All this would have been withheld had it not been for the calamity which produced the necessity for an active display of benevolent feeling.

However and wherever the explanation shall be fully made to the satisfaction of all mankind, we are convinced that the trials, tribulations, adversities and calamities connected with earthly existence are all means for calling out the divinest and sweetest harmonies of human nature. We have never known a thoroughly sympathetic person who never suffered; we have never known a truly lovely character who had never borne any pain and carried no burden. We have never known one who was thoroughly happy and conscious of the most exquisite enjoyment, sensitive enough to drink in to perfection the glories and blessings of life, who had never borne a trial or felt a sorrow. Look through all the long list of your acquaintance, or, if you will, read the biographies of the noblest men and women whose names are honored by great writers' pens, and not one will you find who was truly great and illustrious whose higher nature had not been called out by suffering and by ministering to those in suffering. The very power to enjoy is a power that we know not in fullness until we have first known what it is to want, to suffer, to be bereaved. There is a mystery somewhere in the education of the human spirit which includes pain and catastrophe; but when the bright and glorious angels from the higher life come down to humanity in shining throngs, when these bright and holy ones relate their experiences and tell you of their glories they ever point out to you by what means they arrived at those supernal heights, and you hear it was always through some sort of privation, difficulty or tribulation. So when a loving, merciful angel is appealed to by some one on earth who prays, "O my dear guardian angel, why do you not stave off this blow if you are appointed as God's messenger to shield and protect me; why do you allow me to meet with this accident if you are here as God's representative to take charge of me, his child, and your ward; why do you allow my darling little one or my dearest friend to be taken from me and I to be left in this bereavement and gloom; why do you let me go hungry and naked, foot-sore and weary through the world?"

When your ears have become attuned to hear celestial melodies, when you can listen to the response the angel makes to your pleading interrogation, the angel answers, "My dear charge on earth, I have been on earth in the long ago; I was once in circumstances like unto those in which you now are; I have known my bereavements and my pain, and when trouble came to me it was as hard for me to bear then as it is for you to bear your load now; but as I know I should never have been an angel without it; as I know I should never have stood in the glory where I now stand if suffering had been warded off; as I know that all life's discipline was the means of my growth and education, I could no more in kindness or in justice, were I able to do so, save you from the trial that comes to you in earthly life than I could save the seed from going down into the soil that it might become a beautiful flower, or save the child from going to school, for without his education he would never be equipped for the enjoyments and successes of after life."

If some rift in the clouds could only reveal the angelic world to all who are mourning and complaining to-day because the earth has opened her mouth and swallowed buildings and their inhabitants and left mortals desolate; if those who are to-day remonstrating with one another and arguing down the divine beneficence, as far as they are able in their puny weakness, because they can not trace the good that comes out of what men call evil; if these were able to see the spirits emancipated and hear the songs of rejoicing that are even now filling the air in the neighborhood of those ruins; if they could hear those who were drowned at sea, those who by the earth were swallowed up, and those whom volcanic debris has covered, exclaiming, "It was all for the best and we are satisfied"; if they could only know that those who have been the greatest sufferers are ever ready to exclaim, "We would not have been without that suffering for everything earth could bestow on us; we are thankful for all that has come to us, for it has been the stepping-stone to our crown and reward"—we say if that higher light were only to break in upon every mind from the supernal spheres you would learn to take your blessings in every form in which they present themselves, and know that as the earth physically is being educated and perfected by the strife of raging elements, that as earthquakes themselves, considered literally, are only the evidences of the earth's progression, as earthquakes occur in periods of the earth's history when it is passing on to a higher stage of growth and is about to give birth to a more beautiful civilization, you would behold on both sides of the picture, the literal and the spiritual, great and glorious blessings resulting from all convulsions of which earthquakes may be a befitting and typical representative.

It is however just as you are told in the chapter from the Kings, which was read this morning. The earthquake came and the Lord was not in the earthquake; but if the earthquake had not come the Prophet would never have heard the still small voice. The revelation of truth, the direct word from the Eternal, came after the earthquake, the whirlwind and the fire; the rocks were pulverized, the trees uprooted, the earth shook, the very foundations quaked, and then after the strife was over there was a great calm, and in the great calm Elijah heard a still small voice. When in the Acts of the Apostles you are told of the coming of the Holy Spirit at the time of Pentecost, the house was mightily shaken where the disciples were assembled, and after the shaking and the quaking, and much general agitation of the elements, the word of truth was spoken in every language in which the assembled multitude needed to hear and comprehend it. You are told that when the greatest events, made mention of in the New Testament, transpired that there was a great earthquake. An earthqnake and an angel are both said to have rolled away the stone at the mouth of the sepulchre wherein Jesus lay; an earthquake is said to have been the means of opening the prison doors for several captive apostles. While we are not prepared to say that a literal earthquake was always signified, yet we do know that visible and literal earthquakes, storms and tempests are always very close upon some higher and deeper revelation of spiritual truth to the world.

You are told in words of prophecy that before some great and glorious culmination arrives there will be earthquakes in diverse places, and as everything in outward nature is a manifestation of mind and is therefore due to the activity of mental forces, we say that the spiritual mission of earthquakes is like unto the mission of an Elias or of a John the Baptist who comes to prepare the way; the very strife and agitation of the literal elements is consequent upon spiritual striving and comes as a prelude to a higher stage of the world's growth.

Those who seemingly suffer from these dread convulsions of nature are those particular spirits who, through that especial gateway, need to be lifted upward to a higher life. No birth is accident; no event occurs by chance; no woman can bring a child into the world without a power beyond herself knowing all about it; no experience can come to you that was not foreseen and foreknown by a higher power; nothing surprises God and nothing is accidental in the eyes of the angels. And when from their higher plane of observation your dearest and nearest friends in spirit, your own ancestors as well as the great worthies of old look down upon the earth convulsed and torn, they would all say to you, could they reach your ears, that thousands of years ago inspired prophets predicted that whenever there would come a great awakening of spiritual truth upon the earth there would also be storms and earthquakes in diverse places. These are not the outpouring of vials of wrath, but on the other hand are but consequences of human imperfection which must all expend themselves before perfection is revealed.

So in every aspect, literally and spiritually, the earthquake, the storm and the fire are the prelude to a symphony, like the presentation of chaos in the beginning of Handel's glorious Oratorio, "The Creation." All the noise and rumbling in the music is a prelude to the glorious symphonies which are to follow after. So in the birth of a new age, in the bringing into birth of a higher principle, a nobler civilization, in the preparation of the world for greater fertility, the earthquake and the storm have their part to play.

As to those predictions which have been made by certain superstitious prophets of evil concerning the destruction of San Francisco by an earthquake, we must say we agree entirely with those eminent scientific men who were interviewed during the past week by the *Chronicle* reporters, and who declared that they considered all such attempts at predicting local disaster nothing more than charlatanism and imposition. We do not surmise that the city of San Francisco will be swallowed up; we do not believe it will, and we certainly are not commissioned to predict it. Dr. Cumming, the eminent Presbyterian minister of the Scotch church in London, some years ago announced the exact date when the world would come to an end; some years ago the Millerites prepared their resurrection robes and were expecting to fly up to heaven literally, when Christ came to judge the world; but the days predicted for the event passed by and Christ did not come. We sympathize entirely with those who would spiritualize rather than literalize the prophecies, and bring their interpretation to bear upon a spiritual upheaval and deliverance rather than upon a local or material catastrophe, such as an earthquake. We do not believe that the higher powers commission any one to tell people that unavoidable disasters are to happen and that they must undergo them, for if they must undergo them and cannot escape, it would do no one any good to be presented with a large amount of borrowed trouble and by means of it be disqualified for the performance of their present duties.

All the truth there is in clairvoyance or any kind of prophetic prediction is, that when there is an alternative, or choice, the prophet may say, "Now if you follow an evil course and pursue a life of sensual indulgence, the unavoidable consequence is such and such suffering; but if you choose to put a rein upon your passions, curb and bridle your lower instincts and make an effort to rise above the condition in which you now are, you will be exempt."

All true prophecies are made conditionally; they are the result of superior knowledge; they are made, if made correctly, under the inspiration of those who are more clear sighted than yourselves. If on some mountain hight a traveler stands and looking over the way before you can tell you that if you keep straight along in a certain course you will come to mire, or mud, or quicksand, it is only because standing on a higher elevation he has a more extended view of the scenery before you than you have; and if he then points out to you another road and says, "This road is not so long and difficult to take as the other, and by taking it you can reach your destination without going through all that quagmire," he is simply speaking as the result of greater knowledge and wider powers of observation than your own. If any one has had any experience in the consequences of a certain course of conduct, he is able to inform you that if you pursue such a course you will necessarily arrive at sure disaster, because he has discovered whither that course leads. As you might see a child rushing down to the brink of some awful precipice, and knowing there was a precipice ahead, would say, "Stop! If you run further in that direction you will be dashed to pieces; go in another direction and you will be saved," you would only be exercising a higher knowledge, a higher power of reading the tendencies of events than the child; so it is with all intelligences who make truthful prophecies which are afterwards fulfilled.

We believe in prophecy; we know there is a gift of prophecy and that it is due to a greater elevation in mind and in knowledge above that of an ordinary person; but for any one to predict unavoidable disaster, and to tell people that woes and sorrows will overtake them anyway, and to offer them no way of escape, is not only to endeavor to pry into the hidden things of God, but is to manifest a condition of mind which proves you are not a true prophet, for no true prophet is ever so blind or short-sighted as to predict unavoidable disaster.

The true spirit of prophecy whenever it deals with disaster says, "Repent lest ye perish; take care lest ye fall; avoid the path of danger lest ye be destroyed;" conveying in the shape of warning, teaching of the utmost importance; but if an impending disaster is inevitable, and no word or warning could turn you from the beaten track, if the event which stares you in the face is a necessary portion of your discipline, knowing it would do you no good to predict it, the prophet remains silent and instructs you in those things wherefrom you may receive benefit.

In all instances true prophecy is for warning, the exhortive and instructive element is always large. When there is an alternative the prophet says, "Choose; if you tread in the wrong path you must suffer." But one who is commissioned to enlighten you from the angelic state, whoever he may be, will never be able to save you from a discipline you require; but if you follow divine guidance and save yourself from the need of such discipline by self denial and the development of your higher nature, then becoming amenable to another set of influences, the discipline of bridling your own lower nature will have proven an equivalent for the discipline you must have otherwise endured had you remained on the lower plane.

Let us remember that our destiny is in our own hands; let us remember there is this alternative, we can either make our spirits rise above that plane whereon disaster can reach us through spiritual culture, through earnest endeavor to conquer sense, or if we do not make such endeavor then we must yield to that force which, even though seemingly relentless, is nevertheless divine, and chastises us only that it may educate us, and afflicts only that it may enlighten us.

VISITING THE SPIRIT WORLD.—The late Professor Calvin E. Stowe had more than a faith in life hereafter; he had knowledge, derived from actual personal experience. He was aware of the reality of the spirit world and of its nearness to the earth life through his own experience. To him the veil was often withdrawn, and he was permitted to see and hold communication with those who had gone before. He was entirely satisfied that he often saw and conversed with, in the privacy and quiet of his own home, those who were no longer the occupants of earthly bodies. This gift of spiritual clairvoyance and clairaudience was potent to take away much of the sense of bereavement, and to fix his thought habitually on the higher realities.—*Hartford Times.*

IT was a painful sight which Watchman O'Connor saw, three children huddled together, sleeping peacefully, under the trestle work of the Pennsylvania Railroad in Jersey City. The pillow of the youngest was the bare arm of the eldest, and the scanty rags of the little mother were tucked about the baby sister to protect her almost naked body from the wind and mosquitoes. They slept on unconscious of the attacks of the swarming insects, for they were worn out by a long day's walking. The watchman provided more comfortable shelter for them and they are now being cared for at a public institution. They had been driven from home by drunken parents. They were aged respectively eleven, six and four years.

IN Germany, if false information is given to a newspaper reporter he can collect damages of its author.

Spiritualism in the Churches.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

One would be surprised to learn the secrets of hundreds of families regarding spiritual communication; in fact, I believe there are very few families who could not, if they would, give some incident bordering close on to spiritual manifestation.

Not long ago a gentleman friend of mine, and a good member of the Presbyterian church in this city, remarked to me: "You have many friends I observe who are Spiritualists." "That is quite natural," I replied, "as I am a very strong one myself." "So I understand," said he. "I have been told that you are one of the leading ones in this city." "I am very thoroughly convinced of the truth of the philosophy, but I suppose you do not believe there is any thing in it," I said. "I might say that of a truth, for knowledge is not belief nor faith; I know it to be true," he said. Upon expressing my surprise at this announcement, he said he would explain by relating an incident: "Several years ago I lost a little daughter seven years of age. During her sickness I took a great deal of the care of her, and was with her much of the time, and was alone with her when she breathed her last. Only a short time prior to her departure I noticed a peculiar change had come over her face; it seemed lit up with a wonderful brightness, when she looked me full in the face and said, 'Papa, I must go now, for a lady has come for me, and I wish you would place her a chair near the bed by me.' I did so without a question. She then seemed engaged in conversation with the, to me, invisible visitor, and soon passed into the spirit world, and I never have had a doubt but that the spirit of my sister was the lady my little daughter asked me to set the chair for. I have been a member of the church," he added, "for many years, and may always so remain in the church, but I shall never question the fact of the truth of Spiritualism."

I could name many such incidents occuring in families never known among the Spiritualists, but the facts are occuring all the same. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Or., Sept. 17, 1886.

Spirit Return.

[American Hotel Budget.]

Those who oppose and ridicule the theory of spirit return, as is claimed by the Spiritualists that spirits do return to earth and to their friends here, are at a loss for an argument or for reasons to refute this idea. If the belief of the evangelical ministers, as preached for the last two thousand years is true, then Spiritualism is true.

We can not adopt the theory of the one and reject the other. As St. Paul says: "If the Savior be not risen, then is our preaching in vain." If the story of the life and death of Christ be true, then the fact is established beyond dispute that we live after death; and the same authority establishes the fact that we live in a visible spiritual body; that is, a body visible to those who have died and become inhabitants of another world, or who have ceased to be inhabitants of this world. If there is any truth in revelation, then we live beyond the grave; and if this be so, and we are a spiritual body, then why can not these spirits return to visit their friends whom they have left behind them? Then, again: People say that they believe in tests; that they are satisfied that test mediums tell them many strange things, but materialization is impossible, and that spirits can not return to earth in the form. Did not the Savior return to his disciples after his death, and in the same body, as he demonstrated to the doubting Thomas? The fact is that our friends who have gone over are round and about us continually, and are never far away from us. The evangelical church creed teaches all that Spiritualists claim. The only difference is in the interpretation of the Bible, and what is to be our position in the world to come. Now that those who claim to have authority to say what the Bible does say and what it does mean have put their interpretation upon disputed points, and have given to this interpretation the highest evangelical endorsements, so we do not see how any man or woman can donbt spirit return, and in form; for this great truth is established by and through materialization, doubt it who may.

We are on the eve of a great evolution in the religious and moral world. New developments are coming to light daily, and in no department of earthly existence is it made more manifest than in medical science. Let those doubt that spirits can and do return in form to their heart's content. Sooner or later they will wish they had not done so; for old things will pass away and a new light is to dawn upon a people sunk in ignorance, so far as their own existence is concerned, and with a very limited idea of the future.

A BUFFALO paper says that just before the opening session of the *savants* in that city Bishop Coxe remarked to a reporter: "I should like to correct the proof-sheet of my prayer. You newspaper men and the printers are so unfamiliar with prayer that you're pretty certain to bungle it up badly."

HISTORY is the conscience of humanity.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1886.

TRUE JOURNALISM.

The true journalist is one who aims to know the truth and then to present his own highest convictions thereof. Not that he may not allow correspondents to present, in a proper manner, *their* ideas of truth, though differing widely from his own; but in his own special department—his editorial columns—the highest standards of truth are ever expected.

It is quite common with many readers to question the motives of the editor who may entertain opinions divergent from their own. If he defends this measure, or writes down that—if he maintains a certain proposition or line of thought, or speaks disparagingly of some other, he is straightway regarded as catering to some prejudice, or seeking to curry favor with some one from selfish motives. And so it is that people are disposed to judge others by their own standards of morality.

How often have we heard some one "wonder" how much Editor Smith or Jones received for some certain article, or exercise of their influence in some certain direction. When the truth is that they but expressed their honest convictions, unbiased by fear or favor. And herein lies the test of strength to the true journalist to speak the truth when he knows it will not meet with popular favor.

In the conflict of opinion concerning certain phases of spirit phenomena, and of the merits and demerits of different mediums, upon which it seems to us a great deal of unnecessary feeling is exhibited, the editor of this journal has been called into question on several occasions for the stand he has taken, by those who have imagined that he has been swayed in his opinions by unworthy or selfish motives.

In surrendering the control of one of the leading interior journals of the State, together with a good income, a host of friends, and a wide range of political influence, in State and nation, —the outcome of a quarter of a century of hard labor,—and all to engage in the advocacy of an unpopular cause—one in which reproach and poverty were very sure to follow,—ought to satisfy all fair-minded persons that, whatever course we may pursue, we are influenced by no other motive save the highest good to the cause we have espoused.

But this is more than we intended to say of ourselves. In fact we care so little for aspersion, or misrepresentation, when applied to us, that we seldom care to even notice it. We shall ever present the truth as we understand it, modestly but firmly, and to the best of our ability. If our friends disagree with us, that is their privilege.

Of one thing they may be sure, and that is that we shall never descend to personal abuse, or admit aught into our columns that is not clean, dignified, and promotive of pure morality and true spirituality.

Courage.—This age has produced many brave women, but one in Chicago lately displayed a degree of moral courage not often shown under similar circumstances. This woman had gone, with her affianced, to Church to be married. A few moments before the ceremony began she detected that her would-be lord had been drinking. Quietly going to the minister she took the license from his hand and throwing it in her lover's face, left the room. For a woman to thus abandon the man she loved well enough to marry, is truly heroic. She was right in supposing that if he found his own strength insufficient to carry him through the present episode of a new career, he could not be trusted to encounter the trials and temptations of a life in which he might have to battle for a family besides himself and wife. That this deed was done hastily, is no proof that it did not cost a struggle. Great decisions are often born of a few seconds, in which one is forced to think quickly or not at all. Some things it does not do to reflect upon; these are good resolutions that may temporarily involve the displeasure, and even unhappiness of another.

Life of Lincoln.—The leading feature for the *Century* for 1886-7 will be the "Authorized Life of Lincoln," by his confidential secretaries, John George Nicolay and Col. John Hay. The illustrations will mainly be reproductions of documents and portraits of places, objects, and persons, with a few ideal pictures, closely representing fact. The first installment of this history will be given in the November number. The work which has been in preparation for the past sixteen years, has been under the sanction and assistance of Robert T. Lincoln, sole survivor of the President's immediate family. This biography will, no doubt, give the most perfect delineation of the character and life of this great man, written, as it is, by such eminent writers and close associates of Lincoln for many years.

SIN AND ITS REMEDY.

A conclusion reached by all advanced thinkers of the present day, concerning the nature of evil, is, that it is the result of ignorance, or the undeveloped moral and spiritual nature of man. The development of the intellect alone is no safeguard, or but a very poor one at least, against an evil life. On the other hand it is frequently found to be a help and promoter of iniquity. The moral nature must be touched and radiated with the divine glow of a pure and noble purpose, before man can be safely allowed to become a law unto himself.

If society treated its evil-doers as though it loved them—as the loving parent, for instance, would treat a wayward child; if it regarded them as children of the All-Father, as members of the same household with themselves, and all entitled to the same tender care, how few would there be to go astray. But instead thereof we wrap ourselves in our pharisaical robes, imagining that we are made of finer clay than our erring fellow mortals; and they are taught to regard us as their natural enemies,—while society comes to look upon them as beings beyond the pale of our loving sympathies. Instead of seeking their reformation, and endeavoring to make them worthy members of society, we harshly condemn and punish, and place upon them the brand of our fierce displeasure.

We kill our murderers, and thereby send into the spirit world a legion of revengefnl and vindictive spirits to hover around the abodes of men, filling other natures with their own inharmonious conditions. Our prisons, instead of being made schools of reform, as they should be, are rather the abodes of iniquity, where the ignorant and the erring are hardened in a career of vice. And if, as in some cases, the prisoner goes forth resolved to lead a better life, the mark of Cain is upon him, and society, instead of meeting him in a spirit of helpful sympathy, turns coldly away from him, and leaves him to struggle with the besetting temptations of poverty and unkind treatment alone. Is it any wonder that his newly awakened impulses for good are soon stifled, and the poor, unbefriended one is driven back into error?

What is the remedy for the sin and inharmony that exist in the world? The vigorous and persistent exercise of their opposites by all spiritually unfolded souls. Hatred must be met and overcome by love, unkindness by kindness, cruelty by mercy. While we should condemn the evil, we must regard the evil-doer as an erring child that needs to be taught the better way; and that can only be done by the exercise of kindness and charity in all our efforts for their redemption.

The world has yet to learn the power of true benevolence—of spiritual good will—in the uplifting of the erring. Error is mortal, and must necessarily die; truth is of the Divine Essence, hence, is eternal,—it must live forever, Truth will overcome error, because it is the dominant force of the soul which is divine. It is only necessary for those living in truth to know how to apply it, when error will naturally disappear, as darkness melts away and disappears before the light of day.

Not only by the exercise of kindness, charity and mercy, in a spirit of tender sympathy for the erring, should we seek to teach them a truer knowledge of their own spiritual natures, and lift them to a higher plane of being; but we should send out to them, individually and especially, as we are brought within their presence, or as their errors come to our knowledge, that power of the mind, the mighty thought of a loving soul firmly grounded in truth, which is the "sword of the spirit," for the killing of error, and the redemption of the world.

Spiritualism, in its higher teachings, comes to humanity with this glorious "light on the path," to guide the world into all truth. It comes ladened with an old but ever new lesson of "good will to man." It brings the blessing of love and sympathy to hearts groping amid the shadows, and taking the erring brother or sister by the hand it leads them gently home to the welcoming arms and heart of the All-Father.

The Devil.—Why do white races paint their devil black? For the same reason, may be, that the tribes of the West African coast make their devil white, that he may not be like them in appearance. The idea of a God seems to necessitate that of a devil, but we do not see why it should. If evil is but undeveloped good, satan will ultimately lose his kingdom, thus what will become of him? Why, it naturally follows that he must also fall, or rather, rise out of his iniquity into purity and right. When an advocate loses his followers he turns to new ideas, and it is not necessary to say that they are better than the old ones. The devil likes company, and when it deserts him he will have to desert himself before he will find it again, for it has gone where he would not be recognized in his old colors. There will be no parapets around Heaven, and no infernal regions for the delectation of the saints. There will be a mutual attraction between the high and the low, so soon as the latter long to get up higher, that will lift them into brighter life, just as the sun's rays lifts the water from the ocean. And like this water mist that comes back to the parched earth will the risen souls come back to help other worlds, and the devil may be among them.

PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

There is no greater benefactor than he who brings health and happiness to his fellows.

In our great cities, on a sultry day, one need but place himself near any public drinking fountain, and witness the panting multitude who slake their thirst thereat, to satisfy one's self of the great practical utility of such conveniences. They are indeed a perpetual blessing—like God's pure air and golden sunshine.

Not only are they a blessing to the thirsty wayfarer, in affording him at all times a refreshing draught of sparkling water, but they are a promoter of public morals, in restraining the footsteps of many from those byways of ruin, the rum shops. These shops are everywhere present, their cozy and cool retreat inviting the thirsty and the weary to enter in and enjoy their delightful rest and refreshment. But no one who is not a regular habitue of the place feels quite at his ease to enter a liquor saloon and ask for a drink of water—not even though half famished with thirst. And it is not to be had without the asking, as water, in all, or nearly all, liquor saloons, is a beverage kept out of the reach of the public. It is dealt out in moderate quantities to the imbiber of strong spirits, as a necessary modifier of the fiery fluid that has left its burning trail from the mouth to the stomach.

San Francisco is but moderately supplied with drinking fountains, but such as we have do good service. The Lotta Fountain,—erected at the intersection of Kearny and Market streets, by that pleasing little actress, Lotta Crabtree,—is perhaps the best patronized, because located in the pathway of the greatest multitude. Then there are two fine fountains—located at the intersection of Kearny street and Montgomery Avenue, and at Market and Battery streets—erected by that noble apostle of Temperance, Dr. H. S. Coggswell, of this city. This grand benefactor of his race, who is a gentleman of large means, has expended a vast sum of money in the construction of drinking fountains in other cities of the Union. He believes that the provision of an abundance of pure water for the people of our crowded cities is a great safeguard against intemperance. And he is right. No doubt the first step on the downward grade to ruin has been taken by many a young man who, in his search for a drink of pure water, has been tempted to visit the drinking saloon, where he first learned to indulge in the social glass.

Then all honor to the little actress, to Dr. Coggswell, and to whoever, in a like spirit of humanity, brings the blessing of heaven—the beautiful beverage of innocence and health—within the reach of the people. For thereby is averted, in many instances, the dangers that threaten, and the dreadful pitfalls into which so many noble lives are constantly falling, are bridged over with the elements whereof God builds his glorious rainbow of hope and promise to the world.

Mr. Ravlin in Oakland.—The audience that greeted Mr. Ravlin in Hamilton Hall, Oakland, on Sunday evening last, was larger than usual, and evidently appreciative of his discourse on the "Spiritual Signification of the Garden of Eden and the Fall of Man." "Eden," he said, "is divine love. The four rivers flowing out of the fountain of Infinite Love are Love, Wisdom, Goodness and Truth. The garden is in the mind of man. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil is the intellectual and moral perceptions. Human reason is good, but reason without divine love and wisdom is like the soil without sunshine and rain. The serpent is the carnal nature of man, which is continually tempting him into forbidden paths. The fall of man is to yield to the lower instincts and passions, thereby losing the influences of divine love. While men dwell in love, they dwell in Eden; and when they yield to the cravings of their lower nature they are turned out, or turn themselves out of Eden. Adam did not mean one person, but mankind, and men and women are to-day yielding to the serpent and being turned out of paradise as much as they were when this parable was written." To-morrow (Sunday) morning Mr. Ravlin speaks in the Temple, San Francisco, and in the evening, at Hamilton Hall, will lecture to the young men and women of Oakland on the serpent in the shape of pernicious literature, and the vices and bad habits of the young. "What Can be Done to Save the Young?" was announced as the subject, from which it is understood that parents, as well as children, are expected to attend.

—Miss Jessie Shoaff, 813 Polk street, has opened her classes in music after a short vacation. Miss Shoaff is a natural teacher, thorough and conscientious in every thing she attempts. She has received her musical instruction from the finest teachers and best schools of the day. We most heartily recommend her to all who desire to attain a high degree of proficiency on the piano.

—The editor of this journal spent a very delightful day at Palo Alta, on Wednesday last, visiting Governor Stanford's vast stock farm and stables, with their nearly six hundred thorough breds,—also the beautiful park, the site of the great University, to which this grand philanthropist has dedicated his fortune. We shall prepare a paper on this subject for our forthcoming holiday number, which we think our many readers will enjoy.

"SCIENTIFIC" CORROBORATION.

Some exception having been taken to our position on the alleged "exposure" of materializing mediums, by persons with but little, if any, knowledge of the subject—as set forth in an editorial entitled "Stumbling-Blocks," in last week's Golden Gate,—we submit a few corroborative opinions on the same subject from some who are recognized as high authorities throughout the enlightened world.

Baron Hellenbach, an eminent German scientist, has recently published a work on "Materialization," the result of a long and careful investigation on the subject. The work has been translated into English and reviewed by Mr. Stainton-Moses—known to the Spiritualistic and journalistic world by the *nom de plume* of "M. A. (Oxon)"—in *Light*, London. The Baron says of himself:

"I think that all those who witness these phenomena should refrain from a too hasty judgment of these things. When I was making the experiments with Miss Fowler, I diligently studied spiritualistic literature, and declared, in my 'Philosophy of the World,' that the thing was not ripe enough for me to give an opinion upon. I did not feel myself competent, although I had then gone through more experience than had all the individuals comprising Vienna society. When I added my experiences with Slade I said in a pamphlet, 'I would not publish my definite opinion till I had held another hundred sittings with several different mediums.' One can not, therefore, reproach me with setting to work too hastily or carelessly. Only when I had further undertaken most conclusive researches, when Zoellner had held his seances, and when I could say with certainty that there existed no speciality worth naming in this department in all three quarters of the globe, no book worth reading on this subject, no philosophical views worth studying that were unknown to me,—only then, when the whole thing began to be manifest to me, did I step forward and express my conviction of the certainty of these phenomena, and explain them as such. A medium may be exposed ever so often: it will alter nothing of the facts, since I look for a guarantee, not in the subjective morality of the medium, bur in the objective truth of the facts."

Henry Kiddle, commenting in the *Spirit Offering* on this extract from Baron Hellenbach's book, says: "Certainly this is correct as a scientific view of the subject." The Baron regards the so-called "exposures" of mediums as utterly valueless, proving nothing. He asserts that Bastian, who was "exposed" by the Archduke, is a thoroughly genuine medium, and intelligently discusses the circumstances of the "exposure" at which he was present. He remarks:

"Any one who wishes to expose should before everything have read the accounts of exposures, of which not a few are to be found, for then he would learn that the intelligent unseen world often pays brutality back in its own coin, though harmlessly; trickery never bears fruit. One thing, too, he will always find in any case, namely, that the intending exposer is just as wise as he was before."

Mr. Stainton-Moses says of Hellenbach's views:

"Intelligent observers have long since arrived at the same conclusion as those stated by Hellenbach; and the spread of knowledge on these matters, combined with the cessation of conditions of observation so conducive to fraud (real or apparent) may be expected to put an end to such clumsy and brutal methods of investigation. They have proved nothing but the ignorance of the investigator; for even a manifest proof, if such could be had, on a given occasion, that a medium was personating the pretended spirit-form could not be held to demonstrate conscious fraud on that occasion, or to throw any such doubt on phenomena witnessed through the same mediumship on other occasions as to warrant their all being included in one common category of fraud."

Upon the question of unconscious personation the same reviewer says:

"The idea of conscious personation being excluded as physically impossible, it remains conceivably possible that the body of the medium was in some way necessary, possibly for unconscious personation of some of the forms. For it is unquestionable that what I call the transfiguration of the medium is a proven fact in some cases."

This view, it should be remembered, is held by intelligent and highly educated men, after a long experience and careful observation of the facts. Still, as we have repeatedly said, the question is one all must determine for themselves. There is not the slightest occasion for the indulgence of any ill-feeling in its consideration, any more than there would be in considering a problem in Euclid.

Farewell Lectures.—W. J. Colville will lecture in Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, Market street, for the last times in San Francisco, during the special services to be held in that hall, Wednesday, September 29, 7:45 P. M., and Thursday, September 30th, 10 A. M. On both occasions a fine programme of music will be rendered by eminent professional artists. The subjects of lectures will be as follows: Wednesday evening, "'Behold I make all things new'—A New Year; A New Heart; New Heavens and a New Earth." Thursday morning, A farewell address to friends in San Francisco, a retrospect of work accomplished and a prospect of future attainments. Tickets 25 cents each, admitting both evening and morning, can be obtained at the hall next Sunday, September 26th. As the tickets are transferable they can be used by two persons if one attends on Wednesday evening and the other on Thursday morning, thereby making the admission twelve and one-half cents for each occasion or each person. As the application for tickets has already been very great, no one can be admitted without a ticket, owing to lack of accommodation in the hall. Mr. Colville leaves San Francisco for San Diego, Thursday, September 30th, 3:30 P. M. His engagements in that city are for Sundays, Oct. 3d, 10th and 17th, and all intervening days except Saturdays. Mrs. E. M. Bushyhead is managing the meetings. W. J. Colville will speak in Colton, Oct. 18th, in St. Louis, Oct 24th and 25th. He is due in Boston, Oct. 29th, on the evening of which day he will resume his position as regular lecturer for the Parker Memorial Society.

Earthbound Spirits.—When we consider the mighty host of souls moving down to the silent river, daily, from the earth plane, the great majority of which possess only the mere germ of spiritual unfoldment,—souls steeped in all the errors and iniquities of the mortal, with never a conscious ray from the divine life streaming in to quicken their moral nature,—and when we understand that these spirits, from their denser properties, naturally gravitate to the earth, and live within the earth's atmosphere, until they have learned to rise out of their lowly condition, we need not be surprised at the deceptive and valueless character of much that purports to come, and no doubt does come, from the spirit world.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Dr. D. J. Stansbury, the slate-writing medium, has permanently located in this city. His rooms are at No. 1 Fifth street.

—Mr. W. J. Colville will lecture in Sacramento Monday and Tuesday, Sept. 27th and 28th. We bespeak for him a cordial reception at the capital.

—Mrs. R. H. Schwartz, of San Jose, lectured before the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, at Washington Hall, last Sunday evening, to a large and appreciative audience.

—Prof. Isaac Kinley, of Los Angeles, the talented contributor of "Pebbles" to the columns of the Golden Gate, arrived in town a few days ago for a brief stay among us.

—We shall give, in next week's Golden Gate, Dr. McKaig's masterful lecture entitled, "Danger Signals," delivered last Sunday morning at Metropolitan Temple. It is a grand and thoughtful production.

—Chas. P. Owen, a son of the editor of the Golden Gate, was unanimously nominated for the office of County Recorder and Auditor, on the Republican ticket, at the County Convention, held in San Jose on Monday last.

—There are four thousand children in the various kindergarten schools of this city maintained through the generosity of Mrs. Leland Stanford, and under the supervision of Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper. What a grand work for humanity is this.

—Mrs. J. Hoffman, the medium, has gone on a tour through the northern portion of the State, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Peet. The Doctor will lecture in the various towns they may visit, and Mrs. Hoffman will give tests from the platform.

—In the dedication by Governor and Mrs. Stanford of their three great ranches in Butte, Tehama, Santa Clara and San Mateo counties, to educational purposes, the donors enjoin upon the holders of the trust "that no drinking saloons shall be opened upon any part of the premises."

—Mr. J. J. Morse, the eloquent trance medium from England, is engaged to speak at the California State Camp-meeting during June of next year, and at the Metropolitan Temple for the Golden Gate Society during July, August and September, and at other points near by until the end of the year.

—Mr. Colville will lecture in Odd Fellows' Hall, at 10:45 Sunday morning, Sept. 26th, on "The Position of Woman in the Past, Present and Future." He will answer questions at 2:30 P. M., and in the evening, at 7:45, his subject will be, "Mind Cure, its Facts and Fallacies; Including a Friendly Review of Rev. Dr. Stebbins' Lecture."

—The San Jose *Times* of Sept. 21st, says: "Mrs. Nettie Pease Fox, of Ottumwa, Iowa, who has been here for some weeks on a visit to her father, Dr. Pease, will leave in a few days—some weeks earlier than expected—for Cincinnati, where she will speak to the Spiritualists in October. Her lectures here have been well attended and highly appreciated."

—We are pleased to announce that we have made arrangements with Mr. Colville to furnish us, from time to time, with copies of his lectures for the Golden Gate, during his stay in San Diego and afterwards from the East. His many friends will therefore have the gratification of reading an occasional lecture from his inspired lips, although denied hearing him.

—By special request of many attendants at the Temple, N. F. Ravlin will occupy the platform on Sunday morning, Sept. 25th. His subject will be, "Stones, or Bread, for Earth's Starving Millions." In the evening Mrs. Watson will speak as usual. Subject, "The Phenomena of Spiritualism—How Shall We Investigate?" These are truly interesting topics, and ought to attract a large attendance.

C. P. Huntington has done a good deed in building a handsome Gothic chapel for the Unitarians at Litchfield Connecticut. No class of persons out of Spiritualism could better appreciate such a gift, or turn it to better account. There is room and need in many other localities for such donations, and plenty of persons with means to supply them, and we hope the generous example of Mr. Huntington may be observed with good effect.

—Dr. H. W. Abbott and wife left Wednesday last for Wichitaw, Kansas, their old home. The Doctor's wonderful powers as a magnetic healer were thoroughly tested by a large number of sufferers, during his brief stay in this city. The Doctor and his good wife are geniality itself, and made many warm friends while here, who, with the editors of the Golden Gate, wish them a *bon voyage* home, and unbounded success, wherever their lives may be cast.

—Will the coming man make a will? Not if he is strongly desirous that his money and property should go where he directs. In the natural progress of things, it is supposable that the iniquities of the probate business will come sufficiently to light to be done away with. If Samuel Tilden, after his late experience, could do life over again, he would not trust any amount of legal lore in the making of wills. A free gift, or a deed of transfer, is alone lawyer proof.

—S. W. DeLacy is on his old stamping ground again at the head of the San Jose Daily *Times*, after an absence of three years, during which time he has been engaged in other fields of labor. The then *Times* having been submerged into the *Times-Mercury*, Mr. DeLacy has revivified the old *Times*, and it looks as neat and clean as a new pin. He is an indefatigable worker and a vigorous writer, and will no doubt make as wide-awake a paper as the old *Times* was. We assure you, Bro. DeLacy, although we have had many a hard bout together in the past, we wish you unbounded success, which is sure to be yours.

—Some of our city papers—notably the *Call*—have fallen into the error that the deed of trust whereby Governor and Mrs. Stanford have conveyed their vast landed estates for the founding of the "Leland Stanford, Jr., University," may be revoked by them at their pleasure. This is a great mistake. The property has passed from their hands irrevocably, as much so as though they had conveyed it to a private citizen for a consideration, and the noble object contemplated in the deed will be faithfully carried out.

—The demands for admission in Mr. Colville's lectures on "The Soul and its Embodiments" was so great that Manager Morton had to secure Assembly Hall, Odd Fellows' Building, in place of Friendship Hall, which had already been paid for, but as the seating capacity would accommodate less than three hundred—and the call for seats being over five hundred, the change had necessarily to be made. The fact that so large and intelligent a class are eager for these lectures is indicative of the growing interest in this subject.

—Life and the world is said to be desirable and beautiful to the young, but we think it is more so to the old just on the eve of parting with everything that has surrounded them from childhood. In the last days of one's life on earth, a double interest attaches to everything. He never knew before how dear are those around him; nor how lovely the sunshine, the morning and evening of these lost, lost days. The earth is a lifelong friend, a second mother, and he clings to her in thought as to the one who nursed him upon her bosom.

—There is a department of labor whose workers never strike, and who in fact would be glad to give their time for less or even nothing, if only permitted to keep right on at their old employment. They never grow weary, nor ask for a day off. The Boston *Record* has been looking up the subject and in its closest research has not been able to discover that there has ever been an organized movement for an increase in the "wages of sin." Supposing such a case, the *Lowell Courier* wants to know what a twenty-five per cent advance would be?

—Modern singers, who attempt to win a small fortune out of a single evening, have a precedent in Mme. Catalani, who it is said gave concerts in Madrid in 1805 and 1806, at which four ounces of gold, of the value of one hundred and five dollars, was charged as the price of admission. At this rate, singers would not be obliged to keep themselves before the public until musical critics pronounced them antiquated and their voices cracked. It is better for those who are destined to edify the public to do it briefly and active before it has time to get over its delight.

—It appears that the Empress Regent of China is actuated by other feelings than weariness in her expressed wishes to hasten the day of Imperial assumption by the young Emperor. The Empress is come to see that her position is not exactly one of honor, but tolerance, since, because she is a woman, she must receive her ministers behind a screen. This she thinks is not befitting a great nation like China, and therefore asks that the imperial astronomer select a favorable day in next January for the ceremony of coronation. Thus, the question of equality of the sexes is reaching all nations.

—What does it matter whether the sun shines on you or not, if you have sunshine within? It can never shine on the head unless it first shines in the heart. It is not so easy to keep a brave, cheerful heart as it is to tell others to do so; but it is a good habit that may become fixed in a short time with a little practice. Nothing here is truly ours, but the passing moment and what it holds. Why should we, then, fret for something next week or next month? That time may find us where we shall have no more need of material things. Strive for the future, but do not forget the present.

—Foreign newspapers contain queer items. For instance: A young man of Belgium who purposes to marry, wishes to meet another man of discretion and experience, who will dissuade him from his inclinations. Few persons would put confidence in a man that would send forth such an advertisement, but we think he is not quite a fool for all that. He admits that he does not know himself, and therefore might not be capable of choosing a mate that would correspond with his unknown qualities. On the whole, he thinks it better for him and the one that might be concerned, not to make the venture. This is sound, Dutch philosophy.

—Sociability is something all persons thrown together in the affairs of life, owe to one another. But there is as much failure in this as in other social obligations, and it is, perhaps, as frequent in the home as society. One New York man has appealed to the law to aid him in making his wife keep him company at meal times. Since it declares that all persons shall be peaceable, it would be going but a step further if it demanded men and women to suppress their moroseness. It is a serious thing for any member of a family, while under the parental roof, to absent him or herself from the family table, but for a husband or wife to do, is grievous. Many bodily discomforts arise from silent or solitary taking of our "daily bread."

—The following kind words of encouragement come from Carlin, Nevada: "J. J. Owen, Editor of GOLDEN GATE—The last GOLDEN GATE came to me directed with red ink, so I send you $2.50 subscription price for one year. I can not afford to be without the GOLDEN GATE. It is food that is nourishing to my soul. The more I read the paper the more I see its worth. I thank God that there is such a noble exponent of the spiritual science printed and published west of the Rocky Mountains. Hoping that good and holy angels will guide and protect you—and I know they will—is the prayer of one who loves you for the good that you are doing for humanity's cause."

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

Dr. Adam Clarke was no friend to tobacco or swine. He once suggested that if he were going to make a sacrifice to the devil, he would stuff a hog with tobacco and set it on fire.

Snake bites caused the death of 103,000 persons in India between 1875 and 1880. During the same period 1,073,546 poisonous reptiles were killed for the government reward.

The officers at West Point Military Academy are trying to break up the barbarous practice of hazing, and a few days since thirty-four senior cadets were placed under arrest for violation of the order.

"Prohibition don't prohibit," shouts the liquor dealer, and then proceeds to draw his check for a generous donation to the liquor dealers' fund, to be used in preventing the adoption of prohibition.

It is said that the present condition of the shipping trade at Glasgow is the worst on record. Thirty-four steamers and twenty-three sailing vessels are rotting at their docks, having been idle some two years.

Five out of fifty Mormons who were detained at Castle Garden, New York, are to be returned to the place whence they came. The others were released on the 6th inst. and permitted to resume their journey to Salt Lake.

A late report from Northeastern India says that a number of Indian princes are exhorting the people to throw off the "hated English yoke." The *Journal des Debats* says that great events are imminent in Central Asia.

Notwithstanding the announcement by the *Christian Statesman* some weeks since, that the great Pennsylvania Company would henceforth run no more trains on Sunday, except stock trains, traffic is carried on as usual upon that day.

September 10th the *Universe* (Paris) publishes a telegram from the Bishop of Tonquin saying seven hundred Christians have been massacred, and forty villages burned in the province of Manhoa, and that nine thousand Christians are perishing of hunger.

It is said that the State of New York has acquired title to 800,000 acres of land in the Adirondack region, and 50,000 acres in the Catskill region, to be kept forever in forests. The object is to prevent the further diminution of important streams.

Gen. Steward L. Woodford says: "In seven years' experience as criminal prosecutor in the federal courts at New York, I seldom found a case of crime accompanied by violence, which was not conceived, or committed, or aggravated, through the use of rum."

The French authorities of Cochin China are taking vigorous measures to suppress the illicit traffic in opium. The English merchants at Hong-Kong, who ship annually $200,000 worth of opium to various parts of Cochin China, call this a commercial obstruction.

The superintendent of the insane hospital at Vienna, one of the largest in the world, says: "From fifty to sixty per cent of the cases of insanity are due to rum." So great a percentage in a country where it is claimed alcoholic drinks do no harm is well worth noticing.

The old William and Mary College in Virginia, which is dead in all but name, is keeping its privileges by a curious custom. Every morning the aged President rings the college-bell, and, though not one student responds, the college is open and its charter is not revoked.

The September *Century* argues editorially in favor of securing an amendment to the Constitution, giving to Congress the power to regulate marriage and divorce by general laws throughout the Union, and to the federal courts the power to punish for violation of such laws.

An Eastern paper states that the object glass of the Lick Telescope is now substantially finished, and the few astronomers who as yet have had the privilege of looking through it, speak of it in the highest terms. Its defining power is such that it most easily splits the most difficult double stars.

The Fitchburg Railroad Company has refused to renew the lease of the Lake Pleasant camp grounds to the Spiritualists, but has offered to sell them for $15,000, one-fourth cash and the balance to remain as a mortgage. Nearly all the required amount has been subscribed and the grounds will undoubtedly be bought. The property will then be managed by trustees for the owners, lots being sold and preferences given to those now owning cottages.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Cultivate Your Spiritual Nature.

The most fertile soil upon the globe, unless cultivated, produces "nothing but weeds." The sun shines in vain, the rain and dew are of no avail, and as well might the ground be a barren rock if the *conditions* necessary to the production of a good crop of golden grain are not wet. Soil, heat and moisture are the conditions nature furnishes. These must be met by man in a preparation of the earth, putting in the seed and a diligent cultivation of the soil. The desired results follow. One may grumble about his harvest of weeds till doomsday, but he will never reap anything else till he ceases to find fault with conditions, rolls up his sleeves and goes to work with a will to destroy the weeds, and fill their place with the good seed of Truth. Thereby careful tending, and a diligent cultivation of the soil a good crop is assured as a reward of his labors. So with spiritual culture. Neglected human nature produces weeds only, and that of all possible varieties. But prepared and made receptive, and sown with the good seed of Truth, and properly cultivated and the fruits of the spirit are gathered in rich abundance. True Spiritualism meets the conditions necessary to secure these results. It seeds humanity with the Truth, and cultivates the soil. According as you sow, will you most assuredly reap, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness. This is an axiomatic principle in true spiritual philosophy. There is no vicarious atonement to take away a man's sins while he goes scot free unwhipt of justice. Everyone must hear his own iniquities and suffer their consequences, either here or hereafter. Hence, the importance of right living while in the material form. We should sow to the spirit. In other words, cultivate our spiritual nature. Dig up the weeds of unrestrained carnal appetites and passions, root and branch, and cast them into the fire of holy love and burn them up. Then will we experience a spiritual unfoldment never realized by those that dwell upon the lower plane of earthliness and sensuality.

N. F. RAVLIN.

OAKLAND, Cal., Sept. 20, 1886.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Truth.

Truth, or the knowledge of truth, is something that every one should strive to possess, and should be the governing principle in all our actions. But a mere knowledge of truth is not enough. To be exercised in all its power it must be combined with good or love. Truth without goodness would be like the sunlight without warmth; it would indeed be light, but there would be no vitality in it, nothing to cause the earth to bloom and express itself in all its beauty, there would be no growth or progress, but inaction and decay. But the sunlight as it is, with its warm genial rays, corresponding to love, causes the visible world to unfold and develop all its latent possibilities. As the visible is the symbol of that which is invisible, so is it with truth.

You may perceive a truth, such for instance as that it is right to be charitable and do good to your fellow-beings, but if you do good simply from a sense of duty, or for the sake of appearance, although it may relieve the suffering of the needy, the good deeds done from those motives are of little value to yourself. On the other hand, if your actions are prompted by a strong desire to do good, because it is right to do so, and from the very love of doing good for its own sake, and because it is good, without any selfish thoughts as to the benefits you will receive in return; then you will reap the reward of an inward consciousness that you have done right, and the happiness it brings is more lasting and of greater value in the growth and unfoldment of your true being than all the outward thanks or words of praise that could be heaped upon you. The Master has said, "And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily, I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." Hence we see that while it is very necessary to always strive to know the truth, when we do attain the knowledge, even in a slight degree, we should endeavor to express it, always prompted by the desire to do good to others from the love of good, and without any thought of self. When this is done we shall receive more light, and so advance that which we do, paving the way for that which is to come. G.

Beware of producing crude thoughts; study till thy words are matured.

TO W. J. COLVILLE.

[Read at the close of Mr. Colville's Metaphysical Class, in Friendship Hall, Sept. 17th, and published by request.]

Beloved teacher! In this temple
Thou hast taught our will
To grasp the reins of restless
Thought, and with thee soar
To hights of soul divine;
There learn the law that works,
Through never-ending time,
The mainspring of our being, sublime.

Taught us to drink with thee,
Of that pure fount of light,
Where wisdom sits enthroned,
And with her lavish hand
Bestows the gifts of truth upon
Her followers, denying naught
That in the boundless realm of
God, is by His children sought.

With thee we trace the inmost
Self, called soul, back to its
Parent home, divining its true origin,
Thereby projecting spirit form
Which gave it power to roam;
And also learn the law which hurls
To life and action, in the realms,
Called space, unnumbered worlds.

Thou hast instructed us, thy pupils,
How to clear the range of
Shadowed vision, wherein we
Behold new fields of love and labor.
Opening the windows of the mind
With broadening possibilities,
To which, before thy coming,
Many an one was blind.

We know the finite can not
Grasp the infinite. Still, ever
In atomic law perfected unto whole,
Do we behold the wondrous power
Of omnipresent parent mind.
And are not all the signs
And varying forms we see in nature
A symbol of great love divine?

How grand the towering truth!
That e'er the soul took on
Material form it had immortal birth,
That we a fraction in the universal
Circle are; and when of earth
Experience we gain sufficient share,
Do like the prodigal, return
To homes of peace beyond compare.

To you, beloved teacher,
As the numbered days draw near,
In which, for us, your present
Heaven-born ministrations cease,
While from pure wisdom's fount
We recogonize sublimity of truth,
That 'tis in realm of spirit mind
All earthly students dwell,
Therefore, we need not say farewell.

FRANCETTE WEBB LEVERIDGE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 16, 1886.

Queries.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

If the soul does not come from the spirit world, where does it come from? If it comes once, why may it not come again? If it is true, as some Spiritualists hold, that the soul is the outgrowth of the body, must not man give up hope of immortality? If a line is to reach infinity, must it not extend backward as well as forward? If the soul had a beginning, must it not have and end? If it be claimed that all men are to live forever, must it not be admitted that all *have* lived forever? If all souls have existed forever, is not re-incarnation reasonable? W. N. S.

THEY tell in Brattleboro, Vt., of a clergyman who refused to take meat of his butcher because it had been killed on Sunday. A few days later the preacher told the butcher that he wanted some meat. "I haven't any to sell you," said that conscientious man. "I have stopped receiving money that is earned on Sunday."

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NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ASSEMBLY HALL, ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING, corner Seventh and Market streets, (entrance on Seventh street), W. J. Colville, lecturer; Albert Morton, Manager. Services for Sunday, September 26th. At 10:45 a. m., lecture. Subject: "The Position of Woman in the Past, Present and Future." At 2:30 p. m., Answers to questions. At 7:45 p. m., lecture. Subject: "Mind Cure, its Facts and Fallacies; Including a Friendly Review of Rev. Dr. Stebbins' Lecture." Poems from subjects chosen by the audience will be given at each service. Solos by W. J. Colville and Jos. W. Maguire. Evening service will close promptly at 9:30.

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The corporation is invested with power to carry on a general printing and publishing business; to buy and sell, hold and inherit real estate; to receive, hold and dispose of bequests; to deal in books and periodicals; in short, the foundation is laid for the future of a large publishing, printing and book-dealing business.

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Advent of Spiritual Truth.

[From a Lecture by Cora L. V. Richmond.]

When you ask, "Shall we know this advent of spiritual truth?" We answer the spiritual truth is to be known when it comes, the advent is in the human heart, and comes in such ways and hour that there is no mistaking it. When there is something tugging away at your heart strings to do better things every day; when there is something that rolls away the stones from the sepulchres and graves that have swallowed up your loved ones, and lets your treasures again into your daily lives, makes them ministering spirits of your daily existence, when the great voice of this truth is crying unto humanity to give the best that is within them, and when even under the name of anarchist and revolutionist, the cry of human being goes forth into the world, you may be sure that the advent is near. But people say: "Do you believe in violence, would you have bloodshed?" By no means, but kings and rulers believe in violence. The established order of Mammon is protected by violence. Armies and navies are to preserve them and armies wage war against everything that opposes the dynasties of earthly power. Oh, no! we do not believe in violence; let us disband the army, let us send the war ships home or on errands of peace, and do away with the armaments of nations; and disarm the police of every district in the Christian world, for we do not believe in bloodshed. But if, after the worm has been trampled upon, it should turn, if men play with serpents, and place the armaments and fetters of Mammon over other men, it is no wonder that they sometimes retalliate in kind. When slavery was in the islands of the West Indies and in the South, people said: "Oh! you believe in insurrection do you?" because some advocated freedom for the slave. We do not believe in slavery the primal cause of insurrection. If slavery is wrong, is it wrong for men to rise up to overcome it by force? Wrongs inflicted by the force of Mammon are not considered so in your world. You are justified by law in killing a man if he enters your dwelling to rob or kill, but your hands are raised in holy horror if a man steals a loaf of bread to keep from starving. Who gave you the right to defend your worldly possessions with murder?

The new advent, like the old, like all the advents that the world has ever known, summons you. It calls you. Not to any graves nor shrines that are dead, but to the Altar of living Truth. If in your life the fragrance of the morning air is sweeter, the beams of sunshine more glorious, it is because of this light, for the heralds are at your doors, they claim your attention. On the mountain top are those who cry, "Truth is here, Christ is about to be born in your lives!" If they shall have won your attention, then it is because selfishness, and pride, and all human misery and worldliness are departing from your midst.

This advent comes slowly. Have you ever seen the sun rise on the sea or on the plain? The long preparation there is in the East. There is the first faint gray streak after the darkness of the night; now, gradually, there comes a leaden hue over all things making the darkness more visible, and from the East there come a few heralding clouds, matchless in their paleness; perhaps the morning star is glimmering there to make the void and darkness more apparent. Then you see from whence there come streaks of light, matchless, all potent, shoot up, as from a great sea of splendor; and yet it is not day; for all around the horizon the shadows still lurk. There is still need of the signal on the shore, and watchfulness on the sea, for the day has not yet come. Then have you seen, that when one, two, three hours have passed in that mighty preparation, still the world is not ready for the dawn? On the shore the birds begin to chirp faintly, then the breezes stir among the woods and the flowers tremble as their dewy chalices dream of day. Out upon the sea, over the crests of the waves a bird appears and dips its wings in the shadowy. Not yet is it day for the night has not yet entirely gone.

When you have waited three hours, counting your heart-beats, and the sun has not yet arisen, you have wondered if it would ever be day? There is more preparation, the commingling lines of light seem to come forth in mighty throes there gather into the throne of the king of day all the array of the splendid banners of clouds, kings, thrones, dominions, powers, then, when everything is ready, when purple, and gold, and crimson have faded away into one grand splendor, one majestic sea of light, the sun rises suddenly and without warning, and it is day! Even thus into human life comes the tremblings of the dawn of spiritual light. Even thus the twilight of this new advent has appeared in your midst, the faint glimmerings of the gray dawn, the shooting forth of the first rays that prepare for the morning; then fear and doubt and trepidation, the fear of death and antagonism all have their sway in this dim twilight of the spiritual advent of the nineteenth century. All surging, all contending and conflicting emotions are o'er you, and the twilight in the early morning, witnesseth conflict of human strife, the battle of the new truth over the errors of the past. Perhaps even now the day is dawning in some of your hearts, perhaps the struggle is even now going on and you do not know whether it will be your life or whether it will be your destruction. But if there is no gray dawn (and it is this which precedes the gold and crimson) if you are not illumined by its radiance, if you are in the shadows and darkness of daily existence, still seem to see the night of human fears and material things, and you see not this dawn, woe is yours! For the light is here and it proves that you are blind! and if you are spiritually blind then the great work must go on by the healing power within, and God and His angels and ministering spirits in both worlds. You must be patient until your eyes are opened, your vision quickened. But they who are not utterly blind, those who are not utterly deaf unto the voice and consciousness of the spirit, do know that this advent is here and now; do know that this is that recuring birth in every age of human history; and do know that at your doors these messengers of the morning wait to herald the dawn of this truth, and peace, and love within your lives.

Truth does not come peaceably at first, but is at war with everything in your midst that is untrue. It is like a tempest, a surging sea or storm that purifies the air. Is that which causes the power of error, of darkness, of selfishness to depart; overthrows no shrine of sacred love but makes you serve God in loving others. It brings the shrine from dead to living forms now and here. All these things are transpiring in the world, if you are vigilant and watchful, if your spirit is alive and awakened, and you know it, you are glad that you are living to-day. It is something to live in any age of the earth, but it is more to live when all the culminating powers of past ages and present time make preparation for the vanquishment of all the errors time has yeilded, when truth makes direct and distinct battle with error, when spirit and matter meet in the final struggle and spirit is victorious. It is a spectacle which angels and men may well pause to witness. And this is the hour and this is the day, and these are the works that are going on in your midst, and none but the blind refuse to see.

Social Changes.

[Christian Register.]

Changes are going on so rapidly in the modern world that we are becoming accustomed to change, and do not notice it. This is quickly seen when one begins to describe what is going on. He seems to be inventing or prophecying, when he is simply recording. When one simply makes a note of the evident changes occurring in the last twenty-five years, and draws the evident conclusions, he seems to be a pessimist or an alarmist, attempting to excite his readers by threat of revolution, social earthquakes, and volcanoes.

The truth is, that, within the memory of this generation, the changes in society have amounted to a thorough going revolution; and no changes in the next generation are likely to be so radical and far-reaching in their effects as those which are now well under way,—peacefully for the most part,—working out the new conditions to which society is attempting to adapt itself. When, therefore, we speak of changes, and draw attention to the social revolution now going on, we do not wish to be taken for a pessimist or an alarmist.

It is a curious sign of the times that the talk of change now excites alarm among those who, but a short time ago, were eager for change, because it was a sign of progress.

We have noted this process going on in relation to government, and have applauded, because the changes which have taken place the world over, have evidently been in the direction of greater freedom. As Americans, we have rejoiced in such changes, however great and however painful, because we have believed that liberty was cheap at any price.

In the church, the changes have been equally great; but they have been regarded by Americans with divided feelings. Change and progress have not been accounted by all valuable enough to be compensations for the pain and sorrow which accompany all great revolutions. However, the public mind in all the churches is becoming accustomed to the changes in the theological world; and even men in the stricter sects are learning to say, like ex-slaveholders, "The change, though painful, has ended in good."

The changes in the social state have been somewhat more slow, as is necessarily the case in regard to the questions touching the material interests of the community. And, when it is a question of more or less bread and butter, society is exceedingly slow to allow any disturbances, fearing that the result may be no bread and butter at all. But new principles have been accepted, new methods have been adopted. The general scale of intelligence and culture has been raised; and the average man demands, as a necessity, that which, one hundred years ago, was an unheard-of luxury. Necessarily, the equilibrium of social forces has been disturbed; and, necessarily, great disturbances of existing conditions are inevitable, in order that that equilibrium may be restored. We need not fear then, although we must expect many changes. They are simply the cashing of the checks already drawn, the fulfillment of promises already made.

Exactly what form progress will take no one can foresee or foretell, but that any general change will be in the direction of progress we need not doubt. Labor troubles—the contests between employers and employed, and the like—are only a part, and a small part, of the general revolution now going on.

One thing is clear beyond a doubt, and and ought to be a cause of thanksgiving to all. The men who, individually, have had the smallest share in the great advantages of civilization are now to have an increased proportion of the gains made through processes of modern discovery. Just how they are to gain, even the wisest do not clearly understand. The confusion which we note means simply that they are trying to find out where, when, and how such advantage is to come.

That the changes in modern life are for the better is simply an inference from all previous processes of change. The world does get on, although it gets on slowly. Human life is more comfortable, although it costs a great deal to make it so. Patience, courage and magnanimity will finally solve the problem, and put the lowest ranks of humanity on a higher level. Labor troubles and the like may for a time be perplexing and disturbing, but the one end of all this striving is the betterment of the condition of the toiling mass of humanity.

INSTANCES of extreme old age are reported from Russia. The *Novosti*, a Russian journal, announces the death, in the almshouse of St. Petersburg, of a man aged one hundred and twenty-two years, who had been an inmate since 1818. His mental faculties were preserved up to the time of his death; and his general health was excellent to the age of one hundred and eighteen, when he commenced to fail. There is in the same institution a soldier's widow, whose age, as shown by documentary evidence, is at least one hundred and ten years. In our own country, at New Holland, Ohio, Mrs. Arnold has just celebrated the one hundred and ninth anniversary of her birth; and her two sisters are still living, aged respectively one hundred and six and one hundred and twelve.

A UNIQUE REVIVAL.—A Unitarian minister at Norwich, England, has started a revival which, I am fraid, will greatly scandalize Messrs. Moody and Sankey. He has come to the conclusion that one of the best ways to evangelize the masses is to give them good secular entertainment and instruction on Sunday. Every Sunday afternoon, his chapel is densely thronged by artisans and their wives, who come to sing some of the best poetry set to simple music, and to hear him read George Eliot and other great writers. "How I remember," says he in a private note, "the solemn stillness with which Mrs. Browning and Adelaide Procter and and Tennyson and Longfellow—ay, and Robert Browning and Ruskin and Arnold and Emerson—were heard by a crowd of commonplace people.—*Exchange.*

A LADY called on Mrs. Gladstone during the late Parliamentary election, and, greeting her, said: "These are troubled times, Mrs. Gladstone, but there is One above who will see through it all." "Yes," said the prime minister's wife, "take a seat, he will be down presently!"

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How it Feels to Die.

[New York Sunday Mercury.]

Exeter W. Ellis is the name of a man of thirty-five who has resided for the last six or seven years in a fashionable boarding house in West Thirty-fourth street and bears the best of reputations for veracity and sobriety. He is well educated, a mining engineer by profession, and, besides the ordinary sign of that business, writes "Ph. D.," after his name as a degree taken in course. He is just convalescent of a long and dangerous illness, in the course of which he declares, and Dr. White who attended the case coincides with him, he passed through all the agonies and phenomena of death and was only resuscitated by miraculous accident. For the last three or four years Mr. Ellis has been the general manager and superintendent of the large pump works in Twenty-third street. Though still unable to leave his room, the invalid responded pleasantly when a visitor's card was sent to him that if the gentleman would come to his room he would talk with him.

"You have heard of my case, I suppose," he said, "and if you will take a seat near me I'll tell you all about it. I know now what Dr. Beard meant by the dying words, 'I can't understand it,' for I have been through the wonderful condition of mental illlumination that he was in when he uttered that strange sentence. All physicians agree that a trance of some minutes' duration immediately precedes death; but as few have ever returned to this world to relate their experience in that state so its psychical phenomena are totally unknown."

To give Mr. Ellis' narrative in brief, until about eighteen months ago he was in excellent health. The beginning of his troubles dated from camping out in September, 1884, in a low, marshy district, for some twenty days, while making an examination of a certain region at the instance of capitalists in this city. The expedition was not followed by intermittent or malarial fever in the proper sense of the term, but by a severe attack of acute rheumatic fever, from which his recovery was very slow and which left him subject to sudden spells of faintness that grew worse and worse as the weeks went by, until they often ended in absolute swoon and unconsciousness.

As heart failure is a frequent sequel of rheumatic affections, these fits occasioned no surprise; the doctor diagnosed incipient heart trouble and ordered the patient to take the best sort of care of himself and avoid all sources of nervous shock, exhaustion or extreme excitation. In June last, one afternoon, at the pump works in Twenty-third street, Mr. Ellis had occasion to move a turning lathe—a small hand lathe employed for fine work—and the weight of it taxed his muscular strength to its utmost. Without thinking, however, he picked it up and put it out of his way. Scarcely had he desposited it in its new position when the faintness overtook him and he sank to the floor insensible. A long illness ensued, which terminated in what was pronounced to be death, and the body of the supposed dead man was being put on ice by the undertaker when, at the shock of the cold surface, as it seems, a long but scarcely audible sigh appeared to issue from the white lips.

Accustomed as they were to death and cadavers, the man in black and his assistant were startled, for the sigh, though almost inaudible, was still distinct, and they at once returned the body to the bier on which it previously rested and notified the proprietors of the house. Dr. White was summoned immediately, restoratives were applied, among them injections into the circulation of diluted brandy, and in the course of an hour the young man was breathing easily in bed, with a strong probability of recovery.

"You want to know how a dying man feels," said Mr. Ellis, "and what the successive sensations are. Most people suppose the so-called agonies of death to be terrible; in reality, there is nothing terrible after the first long sensation of freezing cold is over which precedes the trance. Of the racking, restless, terrible pain of rheumatic fever that I endured day after day till the forces of life gave way, I need not speak. The first alteration of the sensation came in a slowly intensifying sensation of freezing cold. It was not merely a cutaneous sensation, but a sense of being cold all the way through. My feet, my hands, my body, my very brain and internal viscera seemed to be gradually congealing and the pains all over me disappeared gradually as the cold became more and more intense. I can not tell how long this lasted; it seemed an age.

"But presently, by slow degrees, a feeling of delicious comfort and repose stole over and the cold subsided and with it went all sense of having or possessing a body; that is, all sensation in the limbs and trunk was extinguished. The feeling is a strange and indescribable one—something, I should say, like the sense of being a disembodied soul. But the singular feature of this condition is the abnormal clearness and acuteness of the intelligence. I did not seem to remember things I had done in the proper sense of the term. Rather, the events of my whole life appeared to be before me as a panorama—all at once, but in consecutive order. And the sense of rest, of comfort, was delightful beyond description. I saw beautiful beings all around me, in the air, everywhere—faces of ineffable loveliness. I heard music such as I never heard before and never expect to hear on this earth. I knew I was dying, but I was not in the least concerned or troubled. My eyes were shut, but I knew and saw, as if with an inner sight, the movements of every one about me—heard also every whisper, as if I heard with my brain, not with my ears. How long this lasted I can not say. It must have been hours, but it seemed to me only a little while. I knew when the undertakers came and all that they did; but the idea of being buried did not disturb me, and it was only when the cold of the ice bed prepared for me struck upon the torpid nerves that I had any realizing sense of what was going on. I recollect the awful sensation, the terror, the horror, and it seemed in some strange way to set my heart to beating. If I had been left where I was I should never have returned to this world, in my opinion. It was the terrible shock that sundered the spell, and I would pass through all I have suffered over again to experience once more the delight of that long trance."

When Dr. White was asked about the case he replied rather cautiously: "There are," he said, "no certain and absolute tests of death except decomposition and its accompaniments. But by death in a larger organism is meant the cessation of the circulatory and respiratory functions. When the heart ceases to beat, the lungs to breathe, a man is properly to be pronounced dead, and this cessation had certainly taken place when the undertaker took possession of Mr. Ellis's remains. He was dead in the scientific sense of the term, but coagulation of the blood had not yet supervened, and until that supervenes it is always possible that resuscitation may take place. There is a great deal of popular delusion as to what is meant by death. A frozen fish is dead, but if it be thawed out carefully, slowly and uniformly it will come to life again and be just as good a fish as ever. I presume, also, that Mr. Ellis experienced just the sensations and visions he describes. The sense of cold is caused by the cessation of muscular action, which is the principal generator of heat in our systems."

The case has excited great interest among the many friends of Mr. Ellis, who believe with him that he was dead and is alive again.

Clairvoyant Seership.

[Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

The following facts come from a reliable eye-witness of the clairvoyant experiences, to understand which, some detail of previous events is needed.

On July 19th, Milo Brass disappeared from his home on a farm sixteen miles from Lake City, the county-seat of Missaukee county, in Northern Michigan, and had not been seen or heard of on Monday, August 23d. On the evening of that day, in a hall in the Fair Grounds at a camp-meeting of Spiritualists, Mrs. Sarah Cartwright, of Detroit, was describing spirits seen by her clairvoyantly. She only knew of this Brass case that Mrs. Brass and a man named Crafts, were in the jail on suspicion of violence done to the husband, and were being held in confinement until he should return or be heard from. It was suspicion from circumstances, but without fact to verify it, and officers were searching for evidence to acquit or punish these persons.

No mention was made of them at the meeting, nor was she asked to try and see Brass, or any one else, but was left to her usual course—that is, to simply tell what she saw. After describing several others, whose spirit forms, as she said, came before her or near some one present, some being recognized and others not, she gave the dress and personal aspect of a man, one side of whose skull was broken as by a heavy blow, and who said he had suffered violence and wanted justice. Intelligent persons present recognized Mr. Brass, and said the description was good. On Wednesday night news came that the body was found buried in a root-cellar near the house, and the next morning came the statement that his skull was found broken in on one side, as seen by her on Monday night.

Later in the week she described the birthplace in Scotland, of a man named Thompson, aged seventy years, an intelligent veteran soldier, and an honest man—the house, hillside and striking landmarks being portrayed accurately, as he said. He was not a Spiritualist, but said that this put him on the high road that way.

Mrs. Cartwright is a well-known magnetic physician in Detroit, enjoying the respect and confidence of many excellent ladies who are her patients, and seldom does anything in public. In the presence of Mr. Udell and others, in the same hall, she laughingly described a barn, house, porch, etc., and said the air was full of dust from cleaning beans in the barn. She also described a woman in the house. Mr. Udell recognized a scene on his farm near Manistee years ago, and said he raised a large crop of beans which were cleaned as described.

At what dim date in the future will some of our psychic research societies find some such facts, and make due report thereon to a patiently waiting public.

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[Scientific American.]

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OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS;

—OR,—

Gleanings In Various Fields of Thought,

BY J. J. OWEN,

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition;

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the San Jose *Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the *bouquet* which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times.*

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. * * * It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer.*

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Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings.*

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We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian.*

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Secret Chamber.

BY JEAN STANLEY FITZPATRICK.

There is a chamber in my heart
Locked and lone;
Gleams ever in its ghastly light
One white stone.

For in that chamber is a grave—
Deep! O deep!
And Love lies still and breathless there—
Death's long sleep.

Black curtains hang upon the walls
Fold on fold;
No ray of sunlight creepeth in—
Dust and mold.

The trailing shadows dimly float
Through the air;
Dark, spectral shadows, sighing out
Their despair.

There ghostly phantoms, pale and cold,
Wring their hands;
In tearless grief my lonely soul
Silent stands.

For when the dreary winds of night
Go wailing by,
In that dim chamber oft we meet—
My soul and I.

Yes, oft into that chamber dim
Alone we go;
And gaze into each others' eyes
In speechless woe,

And then my soul kneels prostate there
Beside the stone;
And clings to it in vain despair—
Alone! alone!

Alone, alone forevermore—
Alone kneels she;
For Love, and Joy, and Hope, are dead
To her and me.

And so the long, long night is spent
In grief and pain;
But all her bitter agony
Is vain! is vain!

And when the sunlight comes again
Our woe to mock,
We leave that room and turn the key
Within the lock.

And with the world we jest and smile
As it goes by;
None knoweth how or where we meet—
My soul and I.

None knoweth of that chamber dim,
Locked and lone;
None recketh of that deep, dark grave
With its white stone.

PALOMAR, San Diego Co., Cal., Aug. 27, 1886.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Soul's Gethsemane.

BY NINETTA EAMES.

Sad is my heart to-night even unto death.
Low at Thy feet I lay my head, and pray
That Thou, O Christ, may hear my anguished cry,
And in Thy mercy take this cup away.

Thou, too, hast knelt where I am kneeling low,
Thy bleeding feet alone these paths have trod,
Thy kingly eyes once looked to heaven for help,
Thy priestly blood for Love's sake stained the sod.

Lead Thou my tired feet. Before me lies
A land rich-veined with slumberous streams,
That murmur music under banks of flowers,
Soft dropping perfumed petals light as dreams.

And in this land Love's blazing fire is built,
And Joy his treasures brings the whole day long;
While from the hills Hope, heaven-crowned, comes down,
And floods the sweet air with his wondrous song.

And white clouds moving slowly over all,
Like fairy ships a-sail on golden seas;
While on some quiet shore the ceaseless waves
Send rhythmic tunes afloat on every breeze.

O not for me this radiant Summer Land!
With flaming sword stern Duty guards the way,
And bids me venture not beyond the shade
Whence comes the solemn warning, "Watch and pray."

"Weak Soul, be strong. Above these cypress boughs,
And rue and night-shades dropping deadly dew,
A love divine shapes to some perfect end;
Your prayers can climb as high as angels' do."

Father, I hear Thy voice. With trembling lips
I drain these dregs instead of laughing wine.
Star-like Thy love shines through my cypress trees,
And in my heart I say, "Thy will, not mine."

Beating Into the Harbor.

Beating into the harbor,
When the cloud-dimmed sun is low,
And over the stormy waters
The gull and the petrel go;
With sails all torn and rifted,
And cordage wrecked and gone,
The worn ship seeks a haven—
Dismantled, spent, forlorn.

Strained hull and ruined cargo—
At the evening's stormy close,
Beating into the harbor,
The weary vessel goes;
Thankful to make the home-lights,
Though only a pitiful wreck
Of the ship that sailed so proudly
With the snowy spars and deck.

Beating into the harbor—
O weary, shipwrecked soul,
Lost hopes, lost joys, lost powers,
Wide come of the wished-for goal;
Over the bar gleam brightly
The holy city's lights—
And thy storm-tossed bark, with rapture,
The Heavenly Pilot sights!

—HELEN CHASE.

In Church.

"What worship ye?" the preacher said:
The rest I did not hear,
But round the room I looked instead,
At this and that so reverent head,
All saint-like and austere.
"What do you worship now?" I thought;
And Fancy straight the question caught,
And strange sights did appear.

All veils were dropped, and clear to view
All hearts were open thrown:
A shame it were to whisper you
What then I saw. If all were true,
'Twere better all unknown.
Such hearts none ever saw before.
But all at once I looked no more,—
Alas! I saw my own.

—BRADFORD TORREY, in the "Sunday School Times."

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Some Criticisms.

A learned German, who knew but little English, told me he "liked to read Shakspeare's book because it had so much strong sense in it."

For the same reason I like to read the GOLDEN GATE; but averse as I am to ill-natured criticisms, I should like the GATE better than I do if it indulged more freely in kindly strictures on the faults of platform speakers and writers who, professing to be Spiritualists, go out of their way to antagonize and abuse what they should let severely alone,—I mean the Christian religion. Let us keep our own house clean, build up rather than tear down.

I recently attended a large meeting of very respectable, intelligent appearing people who had assembled to receive instruction, as advertised, on Spiritualism. The first speaker spent full half of the time allotted to him in creating prejudice against us in the minds of all present who might have been vacillating, between orthodoxy and our new philosophy, and the signs of the times indicate that there are many such.

What can be gained to our cause by putting the words of Paul into the mouth of Peter, misinterpreting the language of both and saying what devout people regard as blasphemy of the Supreme Being, whom about all Christendom have taught from infancy to worship, I can not conceive. Before lecturers assume the province of exponents of writings, the vast majority of civilization hold in reverence, they should learn, at least, the A. B. C of biblical criticism.

When the above named speaker ceased dealing with the grave question about which he knew less than nothing, and began to speak to the question "before the house," he made some excellent points and we could but regret that he had not devoted all his time to it. I hold that speakers should never fail to observe a proper respect for the feelings of honest inquirers, who are invited to attend our meetings, and who visit us for the purpose of being enlightened on the subject of Spiritualism. They should never allude to the Bible till they have studied it sufficiently to learn that it contains the grandest lessons in support of our doctrine ever written.

And if we prove that the so-called sacred writings are all a myth, and that sectarian religion is all a superstition, will that strengthen our faith in spirit intercourse with mortals, which is our grand fundamental, or enlighten those who are so disgusted by our ignorance and abuse of what they hold sacred, as not to give us a hearing?

We have phenomenal facts enough for a basic foundation on which to stand while investigating the great questions of human destiny that have concerned all humanity, from the earliest ages and which Draper says have never been answered.

And if in relating those phenomenal facts and endeavoring to elucidate their significance, a free platform speaker, by chance or design, gets to floundering in irrelevant matter, ought not a presiding officer, in the interest of the cause, call him to order? A redeeming feature, with all the speakers on the occasion under review, was the entire absence of stagery, nothing "put on" for effect, all honest efforts, though in part misdirected.

Rich and instructive as contributions to your paper generally are, yesterday's GATE I regard as exceptionally so; and yet I complain, at least of a portion of one and all of another. A writer has the bad taste to apply the opprobrium "tramp" to the central character of a New Testament allegory, which is the most illustrative of the spiritualistic doctrine of rewards and punishments to be found anywhere, and withal the writer substitutes the name of Dives for Lazarus.

And this reminds me of an incident, which, although as foreign to spiritual philosophy as some of our platform disquisitions, I will relate it: When the news of Tilden's election to the Presidency was flashed across the Continent in 1876, Democrats were jubilant and Republicans correspondenly depressed, a party of the former meeting the "Silver-tongued Orator," triumphantly and jeeringly inquired, "Well, Tom, how do you feel?" "I feel," replied Fitch, "as Lazarus felt at the rich man's gate." "How is that?" rejoined the Democrats. "I feel," said the inimitable wit, "as if I had been licked by dogs."

Since I have become anecdotal I shall relate another in reply to all I can understand of the two columns on the "Scientific belief in Immortality."

Bulwer, in "Ambitious Student," tells of a strong minded, though uneducated man, who became so badly entangled by the sophism of a clear-headed materialist while discussing the question of immortality, that in his desperation he ejaculated, "Well, I don't know that you have got a soul, but," with an oath, "I know I have!"

His Lordship was endeavoring to show that mankind have an instinctive belief, that Death does *not* end all, and also to prove a necessity for future retribution, resulting from the impossibility of suspending Divine attributes of which justice is one. "Justice," he says, "does not always overtake the evil doer in time, consequently it *must reach him in eternity*."

I have read "G. F. B.," carefully, three times, in the vain endeavor to find which of Bulwer's two heroes he most resembles, if either, but my old head is too thick to enable me to discover whether he intends to associate man, dog and cabbage in the same family, or whether he is laying the foundation for another essay by which he expects to solve the hitherto inexplicable problems, whether matter is the outcome of mind, or mind the outcome of matter, and again, whether mind is a function of the brain, or brain the instrument through which, as an independent entity, it makes its manifestations. G. B. C.

ST. HELENA, Cal.

THE propriety and good taste of doing away with abbreviated names among women are fast growing into favor, and the good old fashion of giving the full name is regarded as the correct and dignified thing. Mollie and Mattie and Tillie and Maggie are again Mary, Martha, Matilda, and Margaret—stately names, all of them, and full of significance, whereas their diminutives are silly and meaningless; and women are gradually awakening to the fact that it is far more elegant to reserve these pet names if they be used at all, for the household, and to sign themthemselves always, in addressing those outside this little circle, with the full name they received at the baptismal font. In this respect our ancestors showed a proper amount of dignity; and it would be well now if the old form of addressing women as Mistress Ann Page, Mistress Catherine Smith, etc., were revived. The present custom of retaining the maiden name as a middle name after marriage and the use of the husband's Christian name by widows are both sensible, as they identify the individual with a certain family.—*Chicago Herald.*

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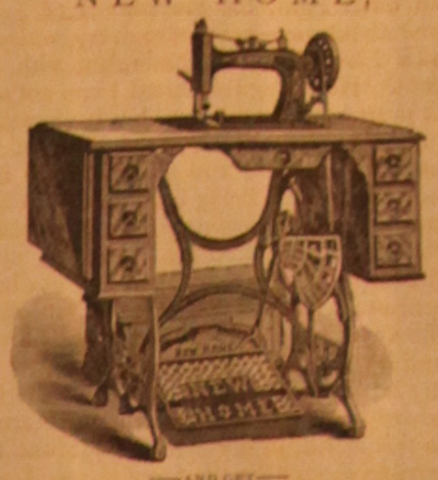
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10:40 A. M.		*12:10 P. M.
‡11:30 A. M.		3:03 P. M.
*3:30 P. M.		*5:06 P. M.
4:05 P. M.		7:36 P. M.
*5:15 P. M.		‡ 4:59 P. M.
6:30 P. M.		8:00 P. M.
‡11:45 P. M.		‡ 7:30 P. M.
8:30 A. M.	Santa Clara, San Jose, and Principal Way Stations.	9:48 A. M.
10:40 A. M.		*12:10 P. M.
*3:30 P. M.		*5:06 P. M.
4:05 P. M.		7:36 P. M.
10:40 A. M.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas and Monterey	*12:10 P. M.
*3:30 P. M.		8:00 P. M.
10:40 A. M.	Watsonville, Camp Goodall, Aptos, New Brighton, Soquel (Capitola), and Santa Cruz.	*12:10 P. M.
*3:30 P. M.		8:00 P. M.
† 7:50 A. M.	Monterey and Santa Cruz, (Sunday Excursion)	† 8:55 P. M.
10:40 A. M.	Hollister and Tres Pinos.	*12:10 P. M.
*3:30 P. M.		8:00 P. M.
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Oak Grove	....	90	Santa Clara	1 75	2 50
San Mateo	75	1 10	San Jose	1 75	2 50
Belmont	1 00	1 25	Gilroy	2 75	4 00
Redwood	1 00	1 40	Aptos	....	3 00
Fair Oaks	1 25	1 50	Soquel	....	3 00
Menlo Park	1 25	1 60	Santa Cruz	....	3 00
Mayfield	1 25	1 75	Monterey	....	3 00

TICKET OFFICES.—Passenger Depot, Townsend St., Valencia Street Station and No. 613 Market street, Grand Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Ag't.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

Time Schedule, April 6, 1885.

TRAINS LEAVE, AND ARE DUE TO ARRIVE AT SAN FRANCISCO, AS FOLLOWS:

LEAVE FOR	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE FROM
‡8.00 a. m.	Byron	‡6.10 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	Calistoga and Napa	*10.15 a. m.
*4.00 p. m.	" "	6.10 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	Colfax	5.40 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	Delta, Redding and Portland	6.40 p. m.
*3.30 p. m.	Galt, via Martinez	*10.40 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	Ione, via Livermore	5.40 p. m.
4.00 p. m.	Knight's Landing	10.10 a. m.
5.00 p. m.	Livermore and Pleasanton	*8.40 a. m.
*8.00 a. m.	Martinez	6.10 p. m.
*8.00 a. m.	Milton	*7.10 p. m.
3.30 p. m.	Mojave, Deming, El Paso and East, Express / Emigrant.	10.40 a. m.
7.00 p. m.		6.10 a. m.
9.00 a. m.	Niles and Haywards	3.40 p. m.
3.00 p. m.	Ogden and East, Express / Emigrant.	11.10 a. m.
7.00 p. m.		9.40 a. m.
7.30 a. m.	Red Bluff via Marysville	5.40 p. m.
8.00 a. m.	Sacramento, via Livermore	5.40 p. m.
7.30 a. m.	" via Benicia	6.40 p. m.
3.00 p. m.	" via Benicia	11.10 a. m.
4.00 p. m.	" via Benicia	10.10 a. m.
4.00 p. m.	Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 a. m.
8.00 a. m.	San Jose	*2.40 p. m.
*10.00 a. m.	"	‡8.40 p. m.
3.00 p. m.	"	9.40 a. m.
‡8.00 a. m.	Stockton, via Livermore	5.40 p. m.
*9.30 a. m.	" via Martinez	*7.10 p. m.
*3.30 p. m.	" via Martinez	*10.40 a. m.
*9.30 a. m.	Tulare and Fresno	*7.10 p. m.

*Sundays excepted. ‡Sundays only.

LOCAL FERRY TRAINS,

(Via Oakland Pier.)

FROM SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, *6.30, *7.00, *7.30, *8.00, *8.30, *2.30, *4.00, *4.30, *5.00, *5.30, *6.00, *8.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 a. m., 6.30, 11.00, *12.00 p. m.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, *12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.00, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, *4.30, 5.00, *5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From FRUIT VALE—*5.25, *5.55, *7.25, *7.55, *8.25, *8.55, *9.25, *10.25, *4.25, *4.55, *5.25, *5.55, *6.25, *6.55, 7.25, 9.55.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.15, *5.45, 8.45, 9.15, *5.15.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, *6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—*5.27, *6.07, 6.27, 7.07, 7.27, 8.07, 8.27, 9.07, 9.27, 10.07, 10.27, 11.07, 11.27, 12.07, 12.27, 1.07, 1.27, 2.07, 2.27, 3.07, 3.27, 4.07, 4.27, 5.07, 5.27, 6.07, 6.27, 7.07, 8.06, 9.06, 10.06, 11.06.

From ALAMEDA—*5.22, *5.52, *6.22, 6.52, *7.22, 7.52, *8.22, 8.52, 9.22, 9.52, 10.22, 10.52, 11.22, 11.52, 12.22, 12.52, 1.22, 1.52, 2.22, 2.52, 3.22, 3.52, 4.22, 4.52, 5.22, 5.52, 6.22, 6.52, 7.52, 8.52, 9.52, 10.52.

From BERKELEY—*5.15, *5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, *8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45, 12.15, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.45, 8.45, 9.45, 10.45.

From WEST BERKELEY—*5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15, 7.45, 8.45, 10.15, 9.45, 10.45, 11.45, 1.45, 2.45, 3.45, 4.45, *5.15, 5.45, *6.15, 6.45, *7.15.

CREEK ROUTE.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 4.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by RANDOLPH & Co., Jewelers, 101 and 103 Montgomery St., San Francisco.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Man. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass & Tkt. Ag't.

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